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# THE COMMONWEAL

*A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts  
and Public Affairs.*

Wednesday, February 11, 1931

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## SPAIN'S PRESENT CONDITION

Robert Sencourt

## A DECADE OF EQUAL RIGHTS

Josephine McGowan

## RECOGNIZE THE RUSSIAN DANGER

*An Editorial*

*Other articles and reviews by Karl F. Herzfeld, Justin McGrath,  
Herbert Reed, Eric Devine, Katherine Brégy,  
Charles Willis Thompson and Marie R. Madden*

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# THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts  
and Public Affairs

Volume XIII

New York, Wednesday, February 11, 1931

Number 15

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## RECOGNIZE THE RUSSIAN DANGER

ALTHOUGH the statement may be safely made that recognition by the United States government of the Soviet government is still far from threatening to become a reality, nevertheless the psychological atmosphere in which the prospect of such a calamity might become a pressing issue is now one of the most evident facts. While we have good authority for our statement that even those most favorable to recognition are well aware that the general sentiment of the country is still strongly unfavorable to such a step, it is unfortunate that some of the individuals and organizations most prominent in opposing the recognition of Russia by the United States do not command whole-hearted public support. Congressman Fish and his committee have incurred for many reasons, some of which are far from convincing, the most discouraging treatment by the press. Ignoring the solid facts presented by Chairman Fish and the committee, ridicule has been heaped upon some of their ill-advised minor activities. The opposition of the American Federation of Labor is also discounted by critics who say that the sole concern of the federation is to maintain a monopoly leadership and authority in the American labor field, while at the same time doing little to im-

prove the conditions of the unorganized elements of American workers, who far outnumber the unions. Moreover, the fact that much of the effort to secure an embargo upon products shipped from Russia to this country has been directed by commercial interests suffering from Russian competition, is a further complication.

Meanwhile, scores of significant facts indicate that the whole question is rapidly approaching a point of crisis. So numerous are the books about Russia now coming from the publishers that the book review section of the *New York Times* recently lumped no fewer than eight of them together as the subject matter of a single article. Nearly all of these particular books were of serious importance. They dealt in a well-informed manner with the Five-Year Plan, and with the general subject of the new system of economics, indeed it might be termed the new system of human society, now being set up in Russia. The *London Economist*—considered to be one of the most influential and conservative financial journals in the world—recently produced a special study of the Soviet economic system, which has been regarded in many quarters as the most striking proof so far observed of



the fact that the most thoughtful leaders of capitalism have come to regard the Russian system as something more than an aberration which was bound to collapse because of its innate falsity. This highly significant study is being republished in this country by the *New Republic*, whose editors in a recent symposium gave definite indications of their convictions that only the close study of Russia, with a view to setting up some form of state planning and control of key industries, will afford a possible source of safety for America's threatened stability. The *London Times* has editorially stated its own belief that it is now quite possible to believe that the Soviet will succeed in its stupendous Five-Year Plan, and that the capitalistic nations will probably soon be face to face with the ominous problem presented by a vast country equipped to challenge the outside world through the mass production of goods produced more cheaply, and therefore selling more cheaply, than nations tied to the profit system can possibly manage to do.

The drive for recognition of the Soviet government by the United States will undoubtedly gain impetus and prestige through its advocacy by Senator Cutting of New Mexico. While the audience present at the National Republican Forum gave the most of its applause to Mr. Matthew Woll, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, it is probable that Senator Cutting's views represent those which are appealing more and more to powerful and influential business leaders and statesmen. There are few abler men in the Senate than Mr. Cutting. While regarded as one of the liberal Republicans, certainly he could not be included in what is vaguely but yet with fair accuracy called the radical or left-wing of that now disunited party. His presentation of the reason why he favors recognition of Soviet Russia is probably as sound as it can be made. It is not sentimental in the sense of being based on mere sympathy for Communism. He does not consider the Communistic propaganda of the Third Internationale a real danger, declaring that "American conditions furnish it with far less fertile soil than it has had elsewhere."

The senator considers that the recognition of Russia is called for by the traditional American policy first laid down by Thomas Jefferson and pursued without a break until President Wilson's refusal to recognize the Huerta regime in Mexico, and other Latin-American republics which changed their government through revolution. Senator Cutting regards as sound American policy the recognition of any government set up by revolution or otherwise which achieves stability along its own lines. "The benefits which we should obtain from recognizing Russia are, of course, the same benefits which we obtain from normal intercourse through other nations," the senator declared. "We should have diplomatic and consular representatives to protect the lives and liberties of our citizens in Russia; we should be able to promote our trade and our commerce; and we should be in a position to obtain accu-

rate information as to the most populous country in Europe."

The force of these arguments is undoubtedly great. It is quite arguable that by a departure from the traditional American policy of recognizing new governments even when set up by revolution, on the grounds laid down by President Wilson in the Huerta incident, which practically set up a moral code, the United States ran into difficulties later on which were highly embarrassing. But what Senator Cutting ignores is what for the most part all the proponents of trade relations with Russia and official recognition of its government ignore, namely, the fact that Russia cannot justly be compared with any other government ever recognized by the United States. There is a unique difference which demands the closest scrutiny before it can rightly be ignored.

This difference, of course, is the notorious fact that the government of Russia is, and has been, and promises in the future to be, devoted to the cause of violent world revolution in thought, in word and in deed. Testimony to this fact is overwhelming in its strength. Its force does not depend upon the oratorical expressions of Congressman Fish or Mr. Matthew Woll. It is recognized by the most thoughtful and unprejudiced students of the Russian system. The effectiveness of Communistic activities in other countries, particularly in China where the revolutionists have been financed directly by Russia, was testified to by Mr. Paul Scheffer, one of the best informed of international journalists, speaking at the same debate where Senator Cutting gave expression to his views.

Professor Calvin B. Hoover, in his book, "The Economic Life of Soviet Russia," which by general consent is recognized as one of the fairest and most unprejudiced outside accounts of the Russian menace to have so far appeared, is only one of many who testify that the vast majority of the Russian people, the peasants, are only prevented from rising in mass revolution by the tight control kept by the Red army and the rigidly organized government. Time and again Professor Hoover heard from the dispossessed and discontented peasants words like these: "If there would only be another war. Then they would have to put arms in our hands. If we peasants once get arms we will crush the Soviet power." In other words, the main fact which those who are favorable to the Soviet claim so confidently, namely, the great advantages gained for the people of Russia, is probably not a fact at all. Before the movement to recognize such a system gains enough power as to threaten to win its point, it would be well to insist upon a much more searching inquiry into the psychological and social effects of the Russian experiment, and not to let our minds be overwhelmed by the merely economic advance which undoubtedly has been achieved.

We have so far said nothing about an even greater reason for holding Russia at arm's length—having spoken out our minds on that subject many times be-



fore, and being rather sorrowfully convinced that unless supported by what seem to be more practical reasons, it will not prove convincing. We refer, of course, to the fact that in Russia, for the first time in the history of the world, a government has been built upon the principle of militant and world-wide opposition to all forms of religion. The overthrow of religion is even more a driving force of Soviet philosophy and practice than any economic or political principle. But at least statesmen and business men who care nothing about religion, or else feel that it has nothing to do with business or politics, should ask themselves how far they mean to go in setting up a government avowed to the destruction of all other governments, and rapidly gaining the power to at least attempt such a crusade. For even the attempt would set the world in flames.

## WEEK BY WEEK

**WHAT** may speedily become not only a major problem of the British Empire, but also a problem deeply affecting the whole world, is by the way of being

Perilous  
Pacifism

precipitated by Mahatma Gandhi's decision—supported by his colleagues in the working committee of the Nationalistic All-India Congress—to continue the civil disobedience campaign. Thus the hope for immediate peace in India, aroused by the release of Gandhi, in the hope that the Mahatma would coöperate in the plan for a qualified dominion status for India, has been shattered. Despatches from India, which probably reflect the official view, indicate that Gandhi and other prominent Nationalists "will go back to the jails which they left only a few days ago"—jails which already hold more than five thousand other Nationalists whose release was demanded by the leader in the same statement that proclaimed the continuance of civil disobedience. One of New York's popular preachers, Dr. Stockdale, was quoted in the press on the same day as the news from India outlined above, declaring that in releasing Gandhi England has proved "that she cannot overcome by force such love as that incarnate in the great Hindu saint." But apparently England has not yet abandoned the attempt, and it remains to be seen whether Dr. Stockdale is right or wrong in his further statement that "the Mahatma has accomplished by his few months imprisonment what millions of India's finest soldiers could not accomplish in years for India's freedom." It may be that the apostle of non-resistance may yet let loose upon India, with highly perilous consequences for the rest of the world, already menaced by so many violent movements, a torrent of revolution that will pass from the plane of pacifism to that of anarchical bloodshed and destruction. Absolute pacifism may be as dangerous as militarism, being the other extreme of a fallacy. If ever a middle path—that of reasonable compromise—were needed, it is in India today.

**WHILE** political reasons having little to do with sound principles either of ethics or statesmanship no doubt lie back of much of the fervid oratory in both the Senate and the lower house of Congress, concerning the proposed \$25,000,000 food fund, it remains true that there is a case to be made for direct government relief in a time of national urgency which rests upon firm grounds, not to be justly accused as Socialistic, or as tending toward the establishment of the dole system. The Reverend John A. Ryan, speaking at the conference of religious groups held in Washington recently to consider the unemployment crisis, and in a letter to the *Washington Post*, written while the conference was in session, gave noteworthy expression to such a case. He contends that "the dire need which the people of several of our states are suffering, on account of the drought, constitutes a very special emergency which may properly be met out of the public treasury." The question as to whether private charity alone can deal with such an emergency is wholly one of fact—if sufficient funds are immediately given to the Red Cross, it will be affirmatively answered; but if not, according to Dr. Ryan, there is precedent and the best of authority for federal action.

**"IF IT** is impracticable for the states concerned to make this provision," says Dr. Ryan, "there is ample precedent to put the burden upon the federal government. If we are one nation, the needs of any part of our commonwealth are properly the concern of the whole. The assertion that such a calamity as that resulting from the drought is a matter for private charity alone, not for public appropriations, is purely doctrinaire. I prefer the doctrine stated by Pope Pius XI in his recent encyclical: 'If private resources do not suffice, it is the duty of the public authorities to supply for the insufficient forces of individual effort. . . . Hence, in making the laws disposing of public funds, they (the rulers of the state) must do their utmost to relieve the penury of the needy, considering such as one of the most important of their administrative duties.' The principle laid down by the Holy Father in these sentences may, I believe, be fairly applied to conditions today in the United States, particularly to the heartrending conditions in the Southwest."

**THE WET** strength mustered in the Senate against the Howell bill which would have unloosed on the poor voteless people of the District of Columbia the most drastic invasion of private homes by police on the mere suspicion that intoxicating liquors would be found within, was a hopeful sign that the crusading prohibition bigots will be rebuffed. Even Senator Borah, who has heretofore been considered a champion of the extreme dries, came out against the bill. A man of unquestioned influence in the Middle West, he made a statement which is of great signifi-

Prohibition  
by Suspicion?

cance coming as it does so soon after the report of the Wickersham Commission, and not so very long after the increasing show of strength of the anti-prohibition forces in the senatorial election. Said Senator Borah, "I was opposed to the Volstead Act in the first place because I thought it went too far." This statement will we believe be news to most people. If Senator Borah is opposed to the Volstead law—and we say this with no intention of flattery—there is some chance that it will not be very long before this obnoxious law is changed or wiped off the federal statute books. We believe this would be a welcome first step to relieve some of the animosity and corruption now occasioned by the intemperate methods of prohibition, while in an orderly way we should go about the more lengthy business of altering or repealing the Eighteenth Amendment as recommended by seven of the eleven members of the Wickersham Commission.

**PROPRIETY** and dignity are commodities which may be hard to define when they are present, but which are very easy to miss when they are not. So far as we know, there is no specific rule forbidding our prime national officials publicly to endorse any commercial offering; but this is surely for the same reason that there is no sign in private drawing-rooms asking gentlemen to remove their hats. It has so far never occurred to anyone that either the national officials or the gentlemen (not that we imply these are separate categories) need the injunction. Now, however, Vice-President Curtis disturbs this last security in a chaotic world. Upon the recent premiere of a motion picture in Washington, he joined the film's stars in the radio broadcast arranged by the producing company, and uttered to the listening nation his own enthusiastic commendations. Here and there this extraordinary action is defended on the plea that the picture in question deals with Indians, that the Indians are the nation's wards, and that the Vice-President has Indian blood in his veins. But this is surely a mischievous precedent to urge. Whatever its historic truth—that question does not enter here—the film is a piece of entertainment, put forth for money; and whether Mr. Curtis's endorsement boosts its sales or not, that was undoubtedly the chief effect sought in asking for it.

**WE THINK** it is fitting to the fair name and intelligence of Alabama to simply repeat here the substance of the resolution which was passed by 91 to 3 of the lower house of the Alabama Legislature, expressing "condemnation of the very poor sportsmanship exhibited" by Senator J. Thomas Heflin "in being unwilling to admit like a man that he was defeated in a fair election." The resolution said: "No man in Alabama during the last quarter of a century has received greater gifts within the range of the

electorate of this state than has J. Thomas Heflin. The said J. Thomas Heflin has during the greater part of his tenure of office as United State Senator made Alabama the laughing-stock of the union by his bigotry, lack of religious tolerance and the lack of many of the courtesies expected between one gentleman and another." Senator Black of Alabama gave the final commentary in the United States Senate on the peculiar cast of Mr. Heflin's mentality. Speaking of Heflin's attempt to have the recent election declared fraudulent because he lost by a decisive majority, Senator Black pointed out that no one who had Alabama's best interests at heart or believed in the people of the state would presume that there were so many "crooks and thieves in Alabama."

**AN IMPETUS** to what might be a new development in medical protection for the average man and woman and to a not new, but expanded, form of insurance service was given by Dr. Charles Gordon Heyd at the Academy of Medicine in his inaugural address as president of the Medical Society of the County of New York. He urged that doctors coöperate with insurance companies to establish medical insurance policies which would provide for medical care of the holders. Determined on a proper allocation of risks, this system would really amount to the holders of the policies paying for their care in small instalments over a period of time, instead of being knocked out and financially incapacitated by illness. The injustice resulting to the medical profession from the present lack of foresight in providing for care, Dr. Heyd pointed out made physicians the largest contributors to medical charity, treating free about 500,000 persons daily, while the average yearly income in the profession is only \$3,000 and only one doctor out of every five leaves an estate equal to the cost of his education and training. This occurs in a society, he pointed out, which annually pays three times as much for tobacco as for medical care.

**FOLLOWING** up the recent announcement of the Holy See that the prayers said after Mass everywhere in the world shall be offered up for the purpose of supplicating God's assistance for the people of Russia, now enslaved in the atheistic tyranny of Bolshevism, the same intention was named by the Pope for the League of the Apostolate of Prayer. This constant and persistent reliance upon the power of prayer is a characteristic of Catholic Action, even in the most obviously practical of social as well as personal problems. This insistence upon prayer is once more spreading throughout Christendom as the tension of world problems grows more severe. The proofs of this movement of the inner will are too numerous to be catalogued, but a special form of it comes to attention in the nation-wide growth of the

Paying  
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of Prayer

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Nocturnal Adoration Societies. One of the largest and most successful of these groups is at the Church of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, on Lexington Avenue, New York. Another group has been formed at the Church of the Holy Name of Jesus, Prospect Avenue and Prospect Park West, Brooklyn. On the third Saturday night of each month, bands of men follow each other in hourly succession keeping vigil before the Blessed Sacrament, from ten o'clock at night until six o'clock the next morning. "The men offer their prayers and the sacrifices they make in leaving their homes and coming to the church at the various hours of the night for their own sins and the sins of others." So runs the letter explaining the society's aims. The world needs this dynamo of prayer more than all the commissions and conventions and leagues for political and economic reforms, necessary as these latter are in their own sphere. It is the spirit that gives life.

THE RECENT death in New York City of Eleanor Rogers Cox took from the makers and lovers of our contemporary poetry a uniquely winsome figure. Born in Ireland, and retaining always the vivid faith of the Irish if not the Breton peasant, she brought devotion to the ancient Celtic

heroes with her to the new world whose own heroes she quickly adopted for her own. And she brought also not only a colorful imagination and gift for pure melody, but in her highest work some magic that was mysteriously like genius. She herself used to point out with unfailing laughter the drollery that one who seemed outwardly so much "like any other member of the sodality" should have become largely identified with a retelling of the beautiful old pagan legends of her homeland. During the last few years, Eleanor Cox's activities were given over largely to social service work in one of the municipal departments. But in this daily routine, in the friendships to which she held with so passionate a fidelity, and in her all too infrequent work in prose or verse, she was always the tireless seeker after the ideal. One likes to think of her gallant and generous spirit united now to that hosting of heroes which her song had celebrated.

WHY IS it so easy to fool the esoteric critics? Why do those whose boasted criterion is formlessness succumb so easily to form? The various aesthetic revolts of the last half-century—some of them very useful revolts in their way—have all begun by denouncing the clichés, the outworn symbols,

the constricting conventions, that have gathered about this or that particular art. Yet the resulting movement toward an alleged pure subjective intensity has invariably created far more arbitrary catchwords and conventions; and—this being the gist of the matter—those conforming in the purely external sense of following these, are allowed to be wearing the proud

plumes of the rebel. This has inspired a list of hoaxes, which would fill this column. One recalls, in passing, that Joyce Kilmer produced (on a bet) an emancipated lyric about someone whose "eyes were little green apples in an apple-blossom face," and earned thereby the accolade of the imagists. Now comes the Reverend Paul Jordan Smith, of California, who resented the art critics' continual slighting of his wife's meritorious (as he believed) canvases, and who avenged her by sending his own impressionist painting to an exhibit, as the work of one "Pavel Jerdanowitch." This amateur masterpiece was achieved at a sitting by the simple process of "slopping on a lot of paint." It represents a Negro mammy at a washtub, and bears the title "Aspiration"—and it was exhibited amid acclaim in Boston and other cities. Mr. Smith has now spilled the beans. Funny as it is, we have heard it all before—and shall hear it all again.

## THE GREAT CURRENT STORY

WHILE a great deal is being done and said in behalf of the banishment of wars, and the mere assertions of foreign ministers of their determination to preserve peace receive banner headlines in the newspapers, a destruction of lives, and a wounding and crippling of bodies which in the past year was four times as great as the number of American soldiers wounded in the World War, are going on right at our front doors. We have become so accustomed to this slaughter that it now receives only slight attention. There is no such concerted effort of the leaders of public opinion to deal with it as is given to the task of averting war. We hear a great deal about the necessity of preserving peace at almost any price because the technical improvement of the machines for dealing death has been such that not only will combatants be destroyed in the next war but also the noncombatants and women and children. Moving pictures of the horrors of war, violent death and the maiming of young bodies, move great audiences so by the depiction of the realities of modern warfare that riots ensue between those that think warfare should not be presented in such a bad light and those who are determined that at all cost it shall be prevented in the future. Yet in 1930 there were 32,500 men, women and children killed by automobiles in the United States, and 962,325 injured. Every year we reap a harvest of death and mutilation equal to that of a war.

"This is the Great Story running current in the daily press," says Marlen Pew in *Editor and Publisher* for January 24, and it is from his full page editorial that we have taken the vital statistics which we quote. We agree with Mr. Pew as to the appalling nature of this annual loss of life and endorse his opinion that it is not adequately dealt with by the press because of tiresome repetition "and general callous acceptance of the condition as incurable." Mr. Pew's interest is in itself a hopeful sign, as the publication of which he is one of

the officers has a large circulation and a determining influence in journalistic inner circles. It would be a splendid thing for the country if there could be aroused a concerted effort on the part of the dailies to assign the story to their best reporters and feature writers, who exercising their ingenuity could lift the matter out of the dullness of routine reporting and by vivifying it so awaken public interest that something would get done about it.

That there is need for such action, and that present effort to save lives and avoid the crippling of young and old in our swollen streams of automobile traffic is inadequate, is demonstrated by the fact that although in 1930 motor vehicle mileage decreased in this country at least fifteen billion miles, or around 10 percent, yet the number of accidents increased around 12 percent. In other words, automobiles are going fewer miles, yet maiming and killing more people. Responsibility for the accidents to pedestrians, according to Mr. Pew's information, rests upon the pedestrians in twice as many cases as it does upon the drivers. In the case of children up to fourteen years of age, more than 80 percent of the fatalities occurred when they were running or walking across or in streets. Between the ages of fifteen and fifty-four, 70 percent of the hurt were riding in cars which were in collisions. Of the victims over fifty-four years of age, fewer than half were occupants of cars.

This is helpful information. It suggests definite fields for attack on the problem. Like most good things, work on this problem should begin at home. This is a new age and the terrors and perils of the automobile are worse than many contagious diseases. Mothers with their unique perserverance in the face of the tiresome repetitions necessary in the instruction of children should exercise a decided influence on those 80 percent of child casualties who are picked off when running or walking across or in streets. In many places, teachers in the schools are wrestling with the problem, as they are also taking up such intimate details as the proper methods of brushing the teeth and the subject of proper nourishment which used to be considered within the special province of the mother's responsibilities. This is undoubtedly beneficial, together with the efforts of playground supervisors to give further instruction and to keep the children out of the streets. But they are dealing with masses of children and their time with the children is necessarily limited. It is the mothers of the country we believe who can most effectively assure that they shall not be raising their children to be mowed down by the peril of the automobile.

In the case of adults, of the 70 percent who are hurt while themselves riding in cars, little can be said that has not already been said. Police regulations for the restraint of the foolhardy and the protection of the sensible users of the road are too much considered as mere officiousness of the cops. It should be recognized that the police have no interest in the regulations other

than to perform their duty of safeguarding the public. We are aware of a curious attitude in many persons' minds toward traffic cops, as though the latter were like prohibition agents. They are looked upon with suspicion of their motives and considered flagrantly open to bribery, and the flouting of them is hailed as a triumph of personal liberty by many individuals who are of reasonably sound judgment in all their other approaches to life. Some states of the union give what is practically public countenance to this attitude by allowing anyone to drive a car without license, foregoing preventive restrictions and simply punishing on criminal charges after damage is done.

The prevention of accidents should be of paramount interest to the vast automobile industry because if accidents are not checked a strong public reaction to the use of motor cars may make itself felt. It is even possible that a great ebbing of the tide of public interest in riding may set in. The novelty of speeding around in a car, which has been growing during the last thirty years into the great national pastime, may wear off and people will stay home more and tend gardens or otherwise occupy themselves in quiet and safety, and cars be used only for necessary trips.

One provision, which occurs to us, that might very measurably help in the prevention of accidents to pedestrians, would be to give the walker along country roads some place to walk. In our national enthusiasm for building roads, we have in the majority of cases completely left out of consideration the walker. He has either to risk his life on the motor highway, or else walk in the dirt gutter at the edge of the road, usually over rubble and trash left there when the smooth highway for the cars was considered completed, and through weeds and nettles and those pestilential plants that leave a thousand little pronged stickers stuck into one's clothing and sometimes a slight way into one's flesh. This lack of provision is of course very unkind to the poor and the humble who walk from necessity, and to those who would occasionally like to go places on their feet instead of on wheels. It is also a source of danger to the motorist whose car breaks down or runs out of gas, who attempts to go back afoot to the nearest service station, or to a house where a phone may be had. The most modest kind of a foot path would do, if it were kept in reasonable condition and situated at sufficient distance from the highway that some swerving leviathan going fifty miles an hour would not destroy outright the struggling pedestrian nor shorten his life and endanger his happiness through badly jangling his nerves in grazing his elbows.

This however is but a side issue to the real heavy work that has to be done by intelligent mothers in instructing their children, by educators, and by municipal and state authorities, including the police. With an aroused public awareness of the danger greater than war in this business of going places, there may be a chance to increase our mileage next year and cut down the number of the dead and maimed.



# SPAIN'S PRESENT CONDITION

By ROBERT SENCOURT

THE RECENT disorder in Spain received for a few days an attention out of all proportion to the scale of the events. A few strikes, an airplane dropping pamphlets on Madrid, and the execution of a few insignificant rebels meant no sort of general or serious attempt at revolution. That

from Jaca, the little fort beyond the new tunnel through the Pyrenees which connects Pau with Canfranc, an army would sweep through Spain to conquer it was an idea hardly worth serious attention. The question of government is settled at Madrid. And that, beyond those bleak moraines which lead down into Spain from the crags of Pyrenean snow, a few soldiers who were imbued with the sullen temper of a little town of 9,000 inhabitants were expressing the spirit of a country which is great and for the most part prosperous, was an idea that no one who knew Jaca, and who has been watching Spain, could seriously contemplate. Only ten days before, the king had been assured by the army of its loyalty. And as long as the king is sure of the army, there can be no question of a revolution in Spain.

Whether or not there is any chance of returning to regular constitutional government is another question, which cannot be discussed till one considers the record of the dictatorship. When in 1923 Primo de Rivera became dictator, he had to deal with four crucial questions: the growth of Communistic societies which terrorized employers, a separatist movement in Catalonia, a war in Morocco, and a failure to balance the budget.

Primo de Rivera never had Mussolini's way of impressing the world by stalking forward and roaring. Mussolini is the son of a blacksmith, but Primo's uncle was the Captain General of Madrid who in 1875 helped to set on the throne the father of the present king. He had risen in the army to the rank of general, and as captain general had had supreme command at Valencia and afterwards at Barcelona. He inherited the title of Marques de Estella. Born at Xeres in 1870, he had the gifts of charm and intuition which were grafted into the Andalusian people by the Moors. A good soldier, he was one of those men of action who manage to get things done without any power to think them carefully out. Efficient but debonair, he had enjoyed his life and, in fact, even when age and advancement suggested better things, he kept to the young officer's way of making a business of enjoyment. Ladies liked him; men liked him. But no one ever

*The peculiar nature of what constitutes news, often upsets our sense of proportion when we are at a distance from the events reported in the daily newspapers. In other words, the enterprising reporter's natural appetite for the sensational and the public interest in it, often leads to sensational events of relatively little importance overshadowing the great normal and stable facts of a situation. From Mr. Sencourt's informative article, we believe that this circumstance in regard to Spain is apparent. The few revolutionaries there, are seen to be in no sense representative of the Spanish people as a whole.—The Editors.*

thought for a moment that he would be Spain's dictator. Italy had made way for Mussolini in October, 1922. In 1923 Spain dared risk democracy no longer. Her state was desperate. She accepted Primo with a sense of deep relief. But he was not the head of a popular movement accepting disci-

pline while it sang of liberty. He was a general governing through the discipline of a loyal army. He remained so for nearly six years. Then on January 26, 1930, he resigned and left the country. In March he died so suddenly that many believed he had been poisoned.

The story of those six years is more interesting than a detective case, and in it there are involved two great historic questions, not only for Spain but for Europe. It keeps the searchlight steady on the great movement of thought which is coming to new decisions in both democracies and monarchies. For in Europe's households they prefer to shiver sometimes rather than to throw into the furnace of patriotism either the ballot-boxes or the throne. Indeed, in Primo's story there is more than meets the eye.

The first task of Primo was to deal with murder. In a single night in Barcelona, the murderers did away with twenty-two employers: and this was only one coup in a continuous campaign which aimed at the extermination of capital. Banks also were held up and business was coming to a standstill. People traded openly in tobacco, spirits and cocaine, and general strikes were frequent. Then Primo sent Martinez Anido to Barcelona. He had murderers shot down at sight, and those who were arrested were rapidly garrotted: there were no more raids, no more strikes. In a few days under Martinez Anido there was order in Barcelona.

Up to that time Barcelona was the center also of a separatist movement. In the whole province of Catalonia, the extremists wanted a separate republic, but the greater number wanted a separate flag, separate law courts and the right to use their dialect. That Catalonia cherishes her own traditions is undeniable, but she no more wants separation now than Quebec wants it from Canada. Under the brilliant guidance of a great capitalist, Cambo, the Catalan movement develops constitutionally under the monarchy of Spain.

Primo's third task was to bring peace in Morocco. In 1912 Spain accepted a stretch of territory of the size of Massachusetts on the northern coast line of Morocco, with a population of 500,000. These were always being harassed by Berber tribesmen under Abd-

el-Krim, who had his fastnesses in a mountain chain. When the French under Lyautey combined with the Spanish the campaign became strikingly successful. Abd-el-Krim was captured in May, 1926, and Spain was saved from a ruinous campaign which had lasted fourteen years.

But with his fourth task, balancing the budget, Primo was less obviously successful. A great deal was done, and public works were pushed forward at an enormous pace. The exchange improved, and then it was found that that was all a mistake. To bring the peseta back so far would ruin Spanish trade: the economic resistance was too strong. The exchange rapidly rose, under the influence of psychological factors, such as uncertainty, as much as by gambling and by the change in the balance of trade. It was in these circumstances that first Calvo Sotelo, the Finance Minister, and then Primo fell.

The new dictatorship has been a dilution of the old. And criticism has been deflected from it to the monarchy. With the king and the Church, the university class of lawyers and journalists are out of sympathy. They are the molders of expressed opinion, and they are thoroughly dissatisfied: they complain that they are disciplined as though servants of government, and that a professor is likely to lose his position if his views on the Flood offend a bishop.

It is this class which bitterly criticized the dictatorship, and now attacks the king. The Church and the army have produced very little to meet it on its own ground. And because there is no fusion, there is a feeling of restlessness which, if it does not affect the country as a whole, yet cannot be ignored. It is strengthened by exaggerated gossip about the health of the king's sons. The eldest, the Prince of the Asturias, suffers from haemophorea; the second is deaf and dumb; and there are still two others. Some believe that for these their only danger is that they are above the level of princely intelligence.

Apart from this question of succession, however (and the king is still only forty-four), the idea that a revolution can be successful is killed by the questions, Who? and How? A revolution can come only from a deep revolt against wrong, and by the agency of powerful leadership. There is in Spain no sign of either. The republican majorities are in the big industrial towns on the coasts, towns like Barcelona, Valencia and Bilbao. But satisfied people do not make revolutions, and all these towns are doing well. Barcelona, which was suffering from depression, is again prosperous. Its cotton export, which had fallen from 5,047,567 kgs., which was the average from 1910 to 1914, to 2,925,000 kgs. in 1928, rose again last year to 5,846,280 kgs. Owing partly to the vigorous action of the Committee of the Cotton Industry and partly to the fall of the peseta, they are now particularly prosperous. The decline in the peseta has meant rising prices and that means some unsettlement, but, as long as it does not make the standard of living intoler-

ably low, or disorganize finance and commerce, a devaluation of the currency does on the whole less harm than good, at least in any Latin country.

Besides, a revolution must have a leader. And where is the revolutionary leader? Not in the workmen's apostle, Angel Pestana, who simply argues, like Stegerwald and his Catholic unionists in Germany, that the workman should have a power according to the value of his function; not in Cambo, who is a capitalist and a monarchist, and who in any case lost his voice after an operation in London in May of last year; not in Unamuno, whose influence is confined to intellectuals; not in Rovira y Virgili, who is hardly known outside Catalonia, and whose paper has a small circulation even there. On the other hand, there are at least two generals, besides Martinez Anido, who in any crisis of disorder would emulate the example of Primo, which itself had many precedents in the nineteenth century.

What the Berenguer government is doing is gently to feel its way. It tries to avoid the brutalities of dictatorship, and indeed all methods of repression. On the other hand, it keeps a sharp eye on disorder, and in its year of function has more than once closed a university, tightened the censorship, dealt summarily with strikes before it had to deal with the movement at Jaca. It claims to be preparing to summon the Cortes. How the people will vote after seven years, it is not easy to gauge: but the fact is that the prestige of parliament has largely gone. And even if the Cortes meet, they will not be allowed to interfere with administration. It is by no means unlikely, as even liberals grant, that parliamentary appointments will mean a return of unsettlement, and will be succeeded by a second dictatorship. The point is that the method and principles of government have become secondary in Spain. Government must still be largely confined to the maintenance of order. The one great need is the stabilization of the peseta: and that is very difficult because Spain's great exports are fruits and oil, which make a fluctuating market. She will struggle with her political question for a long time, because the adjustment of mass votes to intelligent leadership, which is still a very nice question for Europe as a whole, has in Spain no sort of solid party tradition or organization to obscure the point at issue—whether the masses of the people know what is for their good. Democracy is hardly safer in Spain than Wilson's Europe has been for democracy. In any case, it is a very difficult expedient for a country where there is still a majority of people who are unable to either read or write.

One of Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution" still states the case as well as it can be stated:

To make a government requires no great prudence. Settle the seat of power, teach obedience, and the work is done. To give freedom is still more easy. It is not necessary to guide; it only requires to let go the rein. But to temper together these opposite elements of liberty and



restraint in one consistent work requires much thought—deep reflection: a sagacious, powerful and combining mind. This I do not find in those who take the lead in the National Assembly.

Spain's question, whether in her National Assembly, or out of it, is to find them. In some of her men the potentiality is there, if they will rise to the occasion. If they can show how to apply the doctrines they have formulated; if the clergy, with the help of laymen, will face the need of defined principles to assist the spiritual fervor which everywhere in Spain is so touching and so remarkable; if the university men will accept the country's best traditions in return for being themselves considered in their legitimate claims, it may give the modern world a combination which would be both suggestive and salutary. The genius of men like Gabriel Miro, of Unamuno, of Anibal Gonzalez, point to the central point Spain occupies between the ancient East and those republics of promise and opportunity which make the New World.

There is perhaps at the present moment no country better for a man of thought to explore, and in Europe

there is none which offers him quite so much for his money. The exhibitions of Seville and Barcelona showed that creative genius had not deserted Spain. The glittering splendors of the past met the mechanical inventions of the present in scenes made charming by adroit bargaining with nature. And one cannot wonder that when at Barcelona, as the king declared that the great show was open, as from a hundred fountains water leaped into the air, as 60,000 doves were released with messages of peace, and as a vast crowd began to circulate among marvels of interest and beauty, the king met with the greatest ovation of his life. He is reigning over a country where there is a solid agricultural community, a great tradition, a people living in healthy familiarity with nature, and a rapidly developing field for invention and enterprise. And there is every reason to think that, as Barcelona and Seville argued so persuasively last year, Spain, far from being on the brink of disintegration, is about to evolve a new ideal of civilization where invention and enterprise will be made subsidiary to pleasures and to wealth of a more satisfying and more enduring order.

## A DECADE OF EQUAL RIGHTS

By JOSEPHINE MCGOWAN

THE TENTH anniversary of the birth of woman suffrage—a birthday whose numerals are small enough not to arouse feminine resentment—elicited considerable speculation as to the benefits thus far derived from the latest constitutional amendment. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, one of the foremost of the old-time militant suffragists, thinks that it is too early to render a verdict as to the accomplishments of universal suffrage. President Coolidge believes that the country will be better for the participation of women in public affairs. Will Rogers, America's wise court jester, has finally met one woman whose grasp of politics gives him some hope for the future of the Nineteenth Amendment. Mary T. Lathrop, the first woman member of the American Bar Association, says that she is tired of rights and longs for a few privileges, an opinion which might seem to corroborate Gilbert K. Chesterton's debatable statement in Chicago recently that while women had staged one revolt to become independent he believes that they will soon stage another to get out of being free and to return to the finer things of domestic life.

As to what has been accomplished thus far by woman suffrage, I admit that ten years is a rather short period in which to overturn the prevailing sentiment of centuries in regard to the proper sphere of women. I believe that education and more education will be necessary before women begin to realize that politics should rate at least as high in their lives as bridge or the movies. Not even the most utopian suffragists would have expected the average woman to make an

intensive study of economic questions, but what we are concerned about today is whether the ballot alone can broaden woman's viewpoint, can eradicate her tendency to want to appear puritanically correct in rendering political decisions, can overcome her desire to regulate man's conduct and to reform the universe by the passage of new laws. Will the increasing use of her civic rights give to woman a better sense of political proportions, will it enable her to consider politics dispassionately and to appraise candidates on their merits and not judge them by the church they attend or by their outward protestations of allegiance to one certain phase of our national law? These are some of the questions which seem to be unsettled at the end of the first decade of women in politics. Within the next ten years the answer to them should be forthcoming if we are to have tangible evidence of the benefits of the participation of women in the business of our government.

It is hardly probable that the most roseate dreams of the pioneers who battled for the rights of women even faintly visualized the present status of the American woman. Impelled by the thought that slavery was a humane question which they felt might fare better at their tender hands than it would if left entirely to male jurisdiction, women like Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony and Lucretia Mott began their campaign for the enfranchisement of women, hoping that women of property and intelligence at least might one day have a voice in legislative matters. They could scarcely have anticipated, however, the athletic,

forceful, competent modern woman who has usurped so many of the supposed-to-be masculine prerogatives of bygone years, that the psychologists are beginning to view with alarm the sexless, uninhibited creature who was so quickly and readily evolved from the wasp-waisted, fainting female of the Victorian era.

Of course, the mere passing of the Nineteenth Amendment to the constitution was not entirely responsible for this sudden metamorphosis of woman-kind. Due credit must be given to the World War which afforded women their greatest opportunity to demonstrate their talents and their abilities in other than domestic fields. The neighborhood's prize cook of pre-war days was quickly transformed into the manager of the local Food Conservation Bureau who today is probably running a chain of successful tea rooms. The woman who had kept the hearth swept and garnished qualified as an efficiency expert during Red Cross days and now operates the housekeeping end of a large hotel. The old-time seamstress is today's clever designer; she who budgeted the family income now buys merchandise for some up-to-date department store as carefully and as cannily as she formerly supervised the buying for her own household. Many women today are combining the domestic arts with more modern feminine attainments; with equal ease and dexterity they can cook and serve a perfect meal or compete with men in the busy marts of trade.

And politically, what have we? In ten years we have seen the political potentialities of women voters recognized by far-seeing politicians who have rather grudgingly in many instances, taken them into the councils of their parties, making them vice-chairmen of this or that local or state or national committee; for the time has not yet arrived when men will voluntarily entrust to women the actual dispensation of party authority or patronage. These complimentary tenders of largely nominal positions have produced a strange effect on some women. Guilelessly many of them believe that they are really being recognized, that their opinions are being deferred to, while, as a matter of fact, actual decisions on matters of importance are usually made in the proverbial "smoke-filled room" and the results announced at a meeting to which the women are later solemnly bidden.

In some of the larger cities where women are co-leaders with the men in the various districts, we have heard of their tampering with election reports and otherwise resorting to the same wiles and subterfuges that have characterized the ward heelers whose activities gave to politics its sinister repute, or paying tribute to powerful groups with whose policies they have little or no sympathy but whose solidarity at election time makes them a factor to be reckoned with. In contrast with these women who have apparently absorbed only the traits which we have always decried in politicians, there is an occasional Joan of Arc, of the aggressive, crusading type, who refuses to bow down to the powers that be and who attempts valiantly,

although only too often ineffectively, to break up the cliques and charmed circles that dominate local politics.

Every community has groups of earnest, well-meaning women who have become members of political organizations because they are seeking a knowledge of government matters; but it also has many others who join political clubs for the social contacts or to pick up an odd job now and then in local activities of their party. Too large by far is the number of women who still feel an inferiority complex in regard to their own political judgments, who stay away from the polls because they don't know what it is all about and also because they do not get much encouragement or enlightenment from the male members of their families. They don't go to women's meetings for they are not the go-to-meeting type. They seem to feel that the mysteries of government are comprehensible only to what they consider superior male intelligence and that voting at elections should be left to those women who can prattle glibly of tariff and taxation or other similar matters whose import seems to them vague and unfathomable.

Twice a representative from my state to the national conventions of the Democratic party, and correspondingly active in state and local affairs of that party, I have had ample opportunity to observe women in politics, at pretty close range, during these ten years. I have seen many women on local committees who have worked harder and more conscientiously for the party in return for the \$5.00 a day they earn occasionally at the polling booth than the average man would work for a fair salary. I have seen others who, in season and out, give unsparingly of their time and their efforts and their ability without ever a thought of financial reward, inspired only with the desire to help in what they believe to be a program of civic betterment. On the other hand, I have known some of the higher-ups among women in politics who happen to be associated with a powerful clique or to be in the good graces of the state boss, who nonchalantly accept everything in the way of influence and prestige and remuneration their party has to offer; absorbing the spotlight whenever possible but graciously allowing other women to do the work for which they assume the credit.

Repeatedly I have seen groups of club women—political and otherwise—avidly drink in every word of a persuasive speech which very obviously spells propaganda to the initiated and then, without further thought or investigation, start out religiously to transmit such propaganda to their fellow citizens. Only too often I have seen supposedly intelligent women, college graduates arise at meetings and gravely repeat malicious gossip about some candidate—gossip which had no foundation in fact and which bore no relation to the candidate's qualifications for office. And I have seen others who would talk ecstatically about peace among the nations of the world but who would leave no stone unturned to foment



discord and strife among people of varying religious beliefs in their own country. Likewise I have frequently witnessed the spectacle of groups of unthinking women rushing to the support of social legislation like birth control and sterilization and similar measures, the full significance of which I am sure most of them utterly miss.

This tendency on the part of women to be swayed and influenced by the biased utterances of some charlatan is one of the great dangers in our present political situation; for women of this susceptible type whose lives are narrow and circumscribed, whose education is limited and who have practically no political background, constitute a large number of those who are taking an active interest in politics. In many instances they are ardent church workers who allow themselves—inadvertently perhaps—to be exploited by bigots and scheming politicians. Women do not easily conceal their feelings, and when their prejudices and passions are aroused, diplomacy is beyond their ken. In the last presidential election much of the bitterness and vindictiveness of an unusually vitriolic campaign were contributed by women who forgot party loyalty and political ethics and even every-day decency in their frenzied efforts to keep the country free from a peril which loomed greater to them than industrial depression or loss of patronage or what almost amounted to party annihilation in some sections of the country. Breeding fanaticism and intolerance and unfair methods out of our campaigns is a herculean task that awaits some political eugenicist.

Here and there, in the new order, we see women who are impelled to work out their careers as political office-holders. Their names appear on county, state and national tickets. Occasionally they are elected and are making a success of their efforts, especially in city and county offices where they have often carried for years the burden of the detail work of the position without having the title or the salary attached thereto. Others have stepped into the national picture, sometimes seeking to replace a deceased or an allegedly discredited husband or other male relative, in order to keep intact the family traditions of honor. Regardless of the initial motive in their political careers, many of these women have attracted nation-wide attention. Governor Ross of Wyoming, whose armful of pink roses added a charmingly feminine touch to the torrid hours at Houston, lent her name to the organizing of women for the memorable 1928 campaign. Ruth Bryan Owen, daughter of the silver-tongued orator of earlier days, does Chatauqua circuits, as did her father before her, what times she is not campaigning to keep Florida safe from the Mediterranean fruit fly. Ruth Pratt, of New York's silk-stockings congressional district, and Ruth Hanna McCormick, heir to the Hanna millions and political finesse, who is said to be willing to pay for the extravagance of being in politics, add an air of social savoir faire to the usually middle-class atmosphere of Congress. Mary Norton, of New Jer-

sey, who went to Congress not by virtue of great wealth or social position or previous family affiliation with politics, demonstrated her political acumen last winter when she sponsored the resolution which started much of the present national controversy on prohibition.

There are others who figure in the political limelight but somehow the achievements of these outstanding women are not so indicative to me of the present status of women in politics as is the disinterested attitude of the average rank and file woman to the political conditions of the day. The end of this first decade of universal suffrage finds many women who are indifferent and uniformed, who believe that politics is of a world apart from them, although it also reveals a few who are struggling for the realization of their political ideals. It discovers so-called leaders whose idea of political progress is to have a monthly club meeting where a savory repast, a speech and sociability combine to while away a day; and still others who earnestly feel that belonging to active groups is an effective way of promoting the reforms they are sponsoring in legislation. In every community nowadays we find women who are absorbing the mechanics of politics, learning to patter in a somewhat masculine political jargon, making themselves indispensable in attending to the details of campaigns and organizations. We see others filling public offices creditably and well, leaning less and less on the advice and the tutelage of the male contingent. We meet the naive women who think they count in party management and the wise ones who know they don't. We see women of talent and ability who have taken their places in the new scheme of things without sacrificing one whit of their femininity and others whose only claim to distinction is that they are good mixers and get along with the men. The Nineteenth Amendment has wrought no miracle in politics. It has neither brought about the dire consequences foretold by the anti-suffragists nor yet produced the millenium of which the pioneers dreamed.

### *Old Man and Wife*

The youthful years, like revelers long gone,  
Grow faint upon the senses. Now they know  
The recompense that comes when young hearts go:  
The gift of silence on a sun-flecked lawn.

They spend an hour with evening when the tall  
Gaunt cedars yield their shadows, lean and gray,  
And rise to meet the sun who comes to call  
Each morning, like a friend across the way.

They who have grown too wise for any speech,  
Who feel a peace too deep for joy or pain,  
Know there is nothing more the world can teach  
Than what is learned in shadow, wind and rain.

And so, where lilacs brood and roses climb  
Over a moss-green roof, they sit and wait  
A dark remembered hand upon the gate  
As for an old friend gone a long, long time.

ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS.

# THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY IN IRELAND

By ANNA KELLY

AT OUR village nothing stops except it has a puncture or a thirst. Although it is but nine miles out along the chief highway leading from the capital to the southeast of Ireland, our village might be any backward corner of the West as far as the alleged amenities of civilization go. For we have neither gas nor electricity, cinema nor radios. When we burn the midnight oil, it is really oil; when we want music we must make it; we make and take our fun where we can find it.

Progress passes along the great road. But as yet nobody has thought it worth while to tap the gas and electricity for the use of the village. Along the road there is an almost unbroken line of swiftly moving automobile traffic bearing to livelier spots the naughty world and his wife with all their portable disturbances, while a few hundred yards away two important railway lines converge at the little junction. They permit us to travel, grudgingly, but their stopping is so short, their assistance so supercilious and so oblivious to our importance, that out of the fulness of our parochial pride we should prefer to walk.

When I go out of a morning to search for the little boy who intermittently remembers to leave me the daily paper, I survey the village, folded serene and warm in a valley between the hills and the sea, and thank the Lord that we are not as other villages—that we are forgotten. And then I thank Andrew Carnegie—for having remembered. For Carnegie remembered the village and its needs, and a Carnegie Library, our only public building, tops a neighboring hill. It is well built and not unhandsome—"decent," Goldsmith would call it. Its two principal rooms, when folding doors are opened, make a hall for a small assembly. The bookcases are ranged along the walls. Books are frequently changed by a traveling van which leaves new books and collects those read. As an attempt is made to cater for every taste, the result is a motley company as mixed in quality as the Foreign Legion. I need not say that you will find there an undusted Shakespeare and a set of the gentle Jane; the ubiquitous Palgrave, Carlyle and Ruskin; Sir Walter, Dumas and Dickens. What a triumph of *avoir-dupois*! My levity is reproved when I think of the transports of Carnegie himself when, as a book-starved messenger-boy in Pittsburgh, he first discovered Macaulay, Bancroft, Lamb and Shakespeare in Colonel James Anderson's library of 400 volumes. But to proceed with our village library: there are plenty of books on Irish history and economics, "our rough island story," adventure and romance. There is not much poetry but a fair sprinkling of the humanities, Chesterton, Lamb and Lucas, Belloc, Stevenson. Domestic books by the dozen, simple technical works, nature

study, farming, etc. Indeed, the attempt to uplift the rural mind is too, too obvious. There are no smart novels, but our lower needs are acknowledged in a few "simple" love stories and a quite generous collection of the lesser captains of blood: Oppenheim, Sabatini, Edgar Wallace. . . .

At night round the blazing fire the children gather to warm their poor little mottled legs and to turn over the pages of the illustrated papers. Adult reading is done in the homes and books are lent free. On Saturday night there are no books given out, for the librarian is busy transforming the library into a chapel, with an altar, communion rails and cloths, flowers, statues, benches. The nearest chapel is two miles away and so on Sunday morning a priest will come, bless the place and say Mass, and a few hours afterward it becomes secular again, everything sacred being stowed away until the next Sunday. That night there will be a dance in the same room or a play or a whist drive to raise funds for the little church which is even now being erected a few fields away. Cookery classes may be held during the week or a lecture will engage the same room and the same audience.

This pen picture may explain better than all statistics how the benefactions of Carnegie fill many rural needs.

Ireland's great libraries are too well known to mention here. They never could cater for the country reader and the poor student, and such urban and parochial libraries as did exist were hampered and impoverished. Carnegie saw every village and parish as a Dunfermline full of young people eager for knowledge and denied it. A year before the great war he formed the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust and placed at its disposal a large sum of money directing that the income should be applied "for the improvement of the well-being of the masses of the people of Great Britain and Ireland" by such means as the "trustees may from time to time select as best fitted from age to age . . . remembering that new needs are constantly arising as the masses advance."

Previous to the existence of the Trust, Mr. Carnegie had by his personal gifts contributed \$750,000 to libraries in Ireland, but as this had been carelessly apportioned, the trustees organized a system whereby the bulk of the new grant was operated exclusively through county council administration. A grant is given by the Trust for a library building. Once it is built it becomes the property of the ratepayers of the district, the Trust supplying the necessary funds for the establishment and equipment of the service. The choice and selection of the books are left entirely in the hands of a local committee appointed by the county council. They have a free hand. Thus we have the



amusing anomaly of the works of Mr. Shaw, for instance, being meat in one county and poison in the next. (It is not very long since a bishop in Galway took the books of Mr. Shaw and others out of the public library and burned them on the city square.) These county repositories in their turn supply the smaller centers, like our villages, schools, church vestries and other approved institutions where actual library buildings do not exist.

The system is proving a wonderful success. Most counties now have upward of a hundred distributing centers and the increase in book reading is over 200 percent. Boxes of books travel to every county in Ireland, to the western sea-board of Mayo, to the Aran Islands, to the north, down to Mizzen Head in Cork and the lonely hills of Donegal. The headquarters of the Trust are in Dublin in a splendid Georgian building on Merrion Square. The chief librarian is a lady, Miss Christina Keogh, and it is to her that I am indebted for much of the information in this article. Miss Keogh showed me a list of stocks and shares from which the trustees draw their funds. As she flicked over the pages of the dividend lists, battalions—regiments!—of dollars marched side by side at foot of the balance sheets. The amount of money left for "the well-being of the masses" is incredible, unwritable. It is all live money, from railways, steel and iron, all bustling and banging in Pittsburgh and thereabout so that the village may keep good company in peace.

One of the most important developments of the Trust has been the establishment of the Central Library for Students at the head office on Merrion Square. This is for the reader who studies or specializes. Local public libraries cannot afford to purchase books that are not likely to be asked for by general or desultory readers, but under this scheme each local center may borrow such books through the Central Library. In addition, the trustees give grants to specialist libraries, research foundations, etc., in return for which the books of these institutions, normally available only to members, are at the free service of the public in Ireland. In short, for the mere filling up of a form the serious reader, however remotely domiciled, may have delivered to his door, for the cost of postage, the choicest and latest works on his particular subject. Miss Keogh will rake the libraries of England, Ireland and Scotland to get the book he wants and he may keep it from six weeks to three months.

Children are not forgotten. It is the aim of the County Library Scheme to provide eventually a library in each school with the best available reading matter other than "goody-goody" stuff. At one center the book most in demand by the children was one containing stories from Dante! At Rathmines there is a fully equipped Children's Library with a trained children's librarian who can lecture as well as interpret child psychology.

The state censorship recently imposed on books and

papers does not affect the Carnegie Libraries because the books censored would not normally be circulated by them at all. The alarm that swept over the high places of literature at the introduction of the Censorship Act has abated in the light of its extremely moderate administration. Speaking for myself—and without arguing the ethics of it—I can do without Mr. Aldous Huxley's clever superficialities and Mr. Somerset Maugham's suave sophistications. And as for the village: it never heard of them (though I wish I could say the same of the English Sunday papers). The only censorship exercised by the Trust is a veto on militarism. It will be remembered that Andrew Carnegie was a pacifist. Works on the promotion of warfare and the destruction of life are prohibited.

As the whole selection of books falls on the local selection committee and, secondly, on the librarian, the need for an enthusiastic and sympathetic librarian is of vital importance. A remarkable situation has arisen in this connection over the appointment of a librarian for County Mayo under the Carnegie scheme. Before this is in print you will probably have read in the newspapers that the Free State government has suppressed Mayo County Council.\* This is why:

Under the system in force here for some time all candidates for public appointments are selected by a government body called the Appointments Commission, and when a selection is made the individual is recommended to the local committee, who are given no option but to appoint the person indicated by the government. In this case a lady, Miss Dunbar, was selected as librarian for County Mayo, but because of the fact that she did not know Irish and that she is a Protestant and a graduate of Trinity College, the local library committee refused to accept her.

Mayo is 99 percent Catholic and it contains within its boundaries part of the Gaeltacht, the last strip of land left where the Irish language, ideals and traditions survive unspoiled among the natives. This precious strip has to be preserved from Anglicizing influences. A special meeting of the County Council was held. The Catholic bishop of the diocese took the chair. Several priests, a Christian brother and local prominent laymen attended. By a unanimous vote the message that went out from the meeting was a refusal to accept Miss Dunbar and a general defiance of the government's attitude, couched in very strong language. Immediately there was a great taking of sides and the affair has grown from a passing incident to a very big issue with political and sectarian consequences. The government attitude is that it is the law, that the law must be enforced and that, anyway, it doesn't matter a button what religion she is. The clergy are ranged on the side of the bishop. Fianna Fail (the Republican

\* Since the above was written Mayo County Council has been abolished by the government and a commissioner appointed to administer its affairs. His first act was to formally appoint Miss Dunbar as Librarian.—A. K.

party) while agreeing that Miss Dunbar is not qualified to fill the position because she has not the essential qualification of Gaelic, deplores the sectarianism which has arisen.

To declare her unfitted by religion or by the fact that she holds a Trinity degree is to re-create under the cloak of Catholicism the spirit of ascendancy which cursed this nation for 300 bitter years.

The Unionist and Protestant organ, the *Irish Times*, shouts "Bigotry! Bigotry!" The Catholic weekly, the *Standard*, with a definitely religious attitude, comments:

A librarian wields large power. He inevitably impresses his private tastes on the selection of books that he handles. His advice is sought by ill-read persons who wish to enlarge their knowledge. If he is inspired by the right ideals he will encourage the reading of appropriate books. If he is foreign in his ideals his library will

diffuse a foreign influence. If he is not a Catholic his standards will be different from ours. . . . A Catholic people must control its own agencies of education and culture.

Let it be said that the appointment of Miss Dunbar is, in truth, as grave an affront to Catholics as any of the attacks on Catholic education in Alsace and Lorraine.

Meantime the government is adamant. It has sent down a commissioner to put the council on trial for disobedience and this investigation has not been finished at the moment of writing. It is expected that the council will be sacked and a paid commissioner put in its place. Even then the matter will not rest. There will be wounded feelings. An angry suppressed council. The clergy will doubtless order the people to boycott the library. The quarrel will spread. They may fight an election on it yet. It all shows how seriously we are taking the new libraries.

## THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY

By KARL F. HERZFELD

IN THIS paper I cannot dare to try to explain the theory of relativity, especially its later development. Einstein himself said, when asked for it by newspaper men in New York, that he might succeed if they listened to him for three days continuously. Even under these conditions I could not undertake the task because I am not one of the few elect who are able to follow the latest papers of Einstein. But I may succeed in telling with what questions the theory is concerned.

In a preceding paper I described some of Einstein's other contributions to physics. These other contributions are of use in the daily work of the physicist and influence it deeply. The theory of relativity, however, is of much more fundamental importance for the general outlook, while it has a comparatively small influence upon the daily experiments and calculations of the scientist. That may sound astonishing, but it is not. To give some examples: The principles setting forth the relation between the federal government and the individual states are of fundamental importance for the whole structure of the constitution, but in everyday life we feel very little of it, while the traffic rules influence our behavior every day. Or in theology, some difficult question concerning the Most Holy Trinity is of greatest importance for the whole foundation of theology, while the fact that we cannot eat meat on Friday, which is of much less importance fundamentally, touches our everyday life much more intimately. With this in mind, there are several groups of people whom I want to warn immediately not to bother with the theory of relativity at all.

There is first "the hard-headed business man" who asks what is the use of it, meaning by use not the recognition of truth, but the practical use. He will

find discussions of this type quibbles about nothing, just as he will find discussions about the Most Holy Trinity quibbles about nothing.

Secondly, there exists a group of people of artistic or emotional temperament to whom any abstract discussion, any discussion about things which cannot be visualized, or which need sharp abstract definitions, or which have no emotional value, is repugnant. This group too will find the whole discussion silly and the method horrible, but the same type of mind will in general have the same opinion about Saint Thomas.

In the theory of relativity one must distinguish the so-called special theory and the general theory which is an extension of it. The special theory of relativity is a statement of the manner in which all physical phenomena depend on the motion of the system in which they occur. Sir Isaac Newton had already stated in the later part of the seventeenth century that all mechanical phenomena should be the same whether they occurred in a system at rest or in a system moving in a straight line with constant velocity. That is to say, if we were in an ideal railroad train running completely smoothly in a straight line with quite constant velocity, there would be no mechanical experiment performed within the train which would enable us to tell whether the train was moving or not (of course if we did not look out of the window). The signs by which we do recognize that the train is moving, the shocks and concussions, are simply due to the fact that the train is not running in a straight line nor moving with constant velocity.

But according to the older physics, the laws of optics led to the conclusion that optical experiments should be different in the two cases because optics supposed the existence of a very thin material medium, the ether,



through which light is propagated. It would make a difference whether we moved through this ether or not. But all experiments performed to detect such an effect of motion, among them principally the experiments performed by Professor Michelson and his collaborators, for which he received the Nobel Prize, failed to detect this predicted effect. All attempts to give a coördinated theory which would cover mechanical as well as optical experience lead to contradictions. In 1905 Einstein proposed the special theory of relativity which immediately gave the solution of the puzzle. It is called "special" because it applies only to the special case of motion with constant velocity in a straight line.

If a number of conclusions contradict each other, this is often due to the fact that we have made use in them of some concept in a larger realm than is justified. Let me explain what I mean by a historical example. When the earth was considered to be a flat disc it was quite clear what was meant if one spoke about "downward." When later the idea of the earth being round and of the existence of antipodes was discussed, the objection immediately arose that this was a contradiction because on the other side of the earth people would have their heads downward. Of course we know the solution of this difficulty; we know that if a man standing close to me and I both use the word "downward," we mean the same thing, but that if a man in Australia and I speak about "downward," we mean two different things. We know that both the man in Australia and the man in America have their feet attracted toward the center of the earth and that, therefore, this statement is in some respects absolute because it needs no qualification as to the place where it is made, but that any statement containing "downward" means something different in America than it means in Australia. We would get into apparent contradictions if we wanted to make a statement including the man in Australia and the man in America in which the word "downward" was intended to mean the same thing for both.

A similar procedure was found by Einstein to be necessary for the coördination of the experiments mentioned before. He found that the statement that two things happen at the same time was a relative statement in the same sense in which the statement that two directions are "downward" is a relative statement. That is to say, there is no doubt what is meant if we say a train leaves a station at the moment when the clock at that station shows eight o'clock; but the statement that the train leaves the station at the moment at which a clock on the planet Mars shows eight o'clock needs qualification.

A logical consequence of all this is that there is no sense in saying that a certain body is in motion in a straight line with a given velocity, but only in the statement that a body is in motion in a straight line with a given velocity with respect to another body. That is to say, if we had a world in which only a single

particle existed there would be no sense in asking what velocity this particle had at a given moment. Of course that might not be anything striking to Scholastic philosophy because Scholastic philosophy, which has little interest in quantitative statements, does not concern itself with this question. But it is quite contrary to the ideas of Newton upon which the whole of the older physics rests.

A consequence of this development is that for very high velocities the inertia increases in a certain manner and this could be proved experimentally. Another consequence is that a hot body should have a higher inertia than the same body when cold. While this difference is too small to be measured, the fact can be proved in other cases where the change is greater. This special theory of relativity was opposed very much when it was first published, but now it is almost universally accepted.

The next step, the general theory, is a simple generalization of this. Up to now we have spoken only about straight-line motions, but how about rotations? Here the first argument goes back to the physicist-philosopher Mach. Mach put the following problem. Of course it is easily possible with a mechanical experiment to discover whether something rotates. For example, we know easily whether we turn around, even if we close our eyes, from the dizzy feeling. Or if we have a dish of water spinning around, this can be recognized because the surface is not flat but hollow in the center. But what would happen if we were completely alone in the world? Would it then be possible to say that, if in a certain state we felt dizzy, we must be in rotation, or if we did not feel dizzy, we were not in rotation? Or if we have a dish of water, all alone in the world, would we be entitled to say the surface is flat, accordingly it is not in rotation, or if the surface is hollow, that the dish is in rotation?

As a plausible generalization of the special theory of relativity where it was found that straight-line motion cannot be defined for a single body alone in the world, but only for a body in respect to another body, Einstein made the supposition that if a single body alone existed there would be no sense in talking of rotation. Then the feeling of dizziness, or the fact that the surface of the water is hollow, if it rotates in respect to our surroundings must be due to an action of the surroundings. In other words, the statement that we feel dizzy because we rotate should be modified to the statement that we feel dizzy because we rotate in respect to the rest of the material universe.

Now the action of the rest of the material universe in this respect is most probably due to the gravitational forces. In a number of papers since 1911 Einstein has set out to investigate in what form the equations of motion and of gravitation must be written so as to give such an effect and at the same time cover all the old experience of mechanics. The investigations were very laborious and the results had repeatedly to be modified on account of later findings.

May I take this occasion to correct an impression in the popular mind to the effect that a theory springs ready-made out of the head of a scientist, as Minerva sprang from the head of Jupiter? No scientist expects a theory with which he opens a completely new field to be correct at the start in all details, and if one asked Einstein now whether he was sure that his theory was correct in its present form, he would probably answer, "No." But that does not diminish his merits. We do not hold it against the discoverer of a new continent that the maps he brings back are not quite correct and will have to be modified by later investigators. We do not say that Columbus has been proved a fraud because to the end of his life he believed that he had reached India.

The modifications which the general theory of relativity made in physics do not affect the phenomena as they are observed on a small scale in the laboratory or in daily life, but only on a huge scale as they occur in the solar system. In three points, which can be verified by observation, does Einstein's theory give a result different from the older theory. Unfortunately the differences are so small that in none of the cases has the decision been reached with certainty. The astronomers at the Mt. Wilson Laboratory are still working on the problem. But their opinion is that at present the preliminary results are rather favorable to the new theory.

If the new theory of relativity is true, it has had one important consequence which is of interest to Catholic philosophy and theology in so far as it has proved that the universe does not extend beyond all limits. Of course this statement is familiar to all Catholics, but if the question was asked what is beyond these limits, there was no definite answer. The answer given by the theory of relativity is that the universe is bounded because it is curved and closed. That is a thing which cannot be visualized, but it can be made plausible with the help of a method which is common in geometry.

If one has a very complicated problem in solid geometry which one cannot easily visualize, one often takes an analogous problem in plane geometry which can be drawn on paper. Similarly, we can as an illustration talk about a system of lesser dimensions with analogous properties because we cannot visualize what is meant by the statement in three dimensions. If we have in one dimension a circle and something which moves on this circle, for example, a bead, we have a case where this bead is restrained to a motion on a path which has no definite ends but nevertheless is finite.

The next more complicated step is one where we have a sphere and particles which are restrained to move on the sphere. We have again a motion which does not reach anywhere a definite border, but nevertheless is confined to a finite portion of space. Of course we are talking here only about the motion along the surface and not about the motion away from the surface which, because of our simplification, we have

excluded. In a somewhat analogous manner we have to take the next step in three dimensions, namely, the statement that the world has finite dimensions but without any end to it. This idea sounds very strange and as I said it is impossible to form a picture of it; but it is an abbreviation for the precise description of the possible motions of matter in the world. From what I know, it had been proposed shortly before Einstein by two Catholics, Pohle and Plassmann, the former one of the most prominent German theologians, professor of dogmatic theology at the University of Münster, the latter professor of astronomy at the same university.

One possible consequence of this statement is that two apparently distinct stars which we see in the sky at night might not be two different stars but one the image of the other formed by light reflected back from the curved "boundary" of the world, in the same way in which a hollow mirror can form an image of a candle.

The theory of relativity has thus proved purely scientifically a point which Catholic theologians asserted in contradiction to nineteenth-century astronomy. Its concept of space and time is also a return to the Scholastic concept for which space is defined only by the things which are in it and time defined only by the change which occurs in the phenomena, while the older physics of Newton made space and time into something absolute. To me, personally, the theory of relativity has been helpful in the understanding of the statement that there is no time to God; it shows that the measurability of the time of any material phenomenon might be different for different observers and so it can be dimly understood how, for God, "looking on from above," time might not exist at all.

Einstein had succeeded in the general theory of relativity in bringing the laws of motion and gravitation into a form which is absolute in so far as it is not any more dependent on the particular observer, because the things which were relative to this observer had been eliminated. What he tries in his latest investigations is to fit electricity into this scheme.

### *Take Wing and Sail*

Take wing and sail; the universe is wide.  
There is no corner of it closed to you.  
This continent suffices not; divide  
The ether with your pinions and renew  
Your craft in realms that lie against the moon,  
Or visit Saturn and the thoroughfare  
Which rings the planet; that remote festoon  
Beacons with particles of burning air.

Let them that must remain with earth, remain;  
Their bellies shall be filled with bread and meat.  
You, sail to Saturn and the fiery chain  
Which manacles that orb with moons; repeat  
Your music there; your restlessness may find  
A wilder rhythm to enchant your mind.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING.



## "LAFAYETTE, WE ARE HERE!"

By JUSTIN McGRATH

NOT THE least injustice of the World War was rectified when General John J. Pershing, in the seventh article of his memoirs, now running serially in the secular press, acknowledged that he was not the author of the most inspiring phrase of the war, "Lafayette, we are here!", so generally credited to him ever since 1917.

The distinction of originating the historic phrase and uttering it on a memorable occasion, General Pershing acknowledged, belonged to Colonel Charles E. Stanton, of San Francisco, a member of his staff.

Colonel Stanton told me all the details of his delivery of the oration containing the famous phrase, and of the enthusiasm which followed it, when I called upon him at his headquarters at the Champs Elysée Palace in 1918 to seek from him the privilege of a trip through the devastated districts, and particularly the Argonne battlefield. I had not met Colonel Stanton previously, but when I told him that I was the editor of the San Francisco *Examiner* and was in Paris in charge of the Hearst force assigned to report the proceedings of the peace conference he was most cordial, greeting me as a fellow San Franciscan and assuring me at once that the trip which I desired would be arranged for me. We then had a long conversation, in the course of which he related every detail of the ceremony during which his famous oration was made in the Picpus Cemetery where the tomb of Lafayette is located. When I asked the privilege of printing the story, he refused.

"No," he said, "it would not be in accordance with the military code for me to rush into print about it. Pershing will set it straight in time. Anyhow, I am not worrying because I have the indisputable proof of my authorship—my manuscript containing the phrase with Pershing's O.K."

Although the privilege of printing the story was not granted me, I decided nevertheless to write it so that I would have it ready when General Pershing did speak, assuming that he would do so on his return to America.

But General Pershing did not speak until a few weeks ago, and so I have held the story in confidence for thirteen years.

Now that both General Pershing and Colonel Stanton have spoken, I consider that the story which I will here relate is released.

A few days after my visit to Colonel Stanton at his headquarters, he called on me at my room in the Hotel Continental to inform me that the trip I desired through the Argonne had been arranged and that Simeon Strunsky, editor of the *Evening Post* of New York, was to be my companion. He had secured for us one of the cars used by General Bullard, with a mili-

tary chauffeur, and had assigned a young officer, Captain Harper of Chicago, whom we found to be a most informed and amiable gentleman, to act as our guide. On the occasion of this visit of Colonel Stanton to my room, he was accompanied by the famous chaplain of the Sixty-ninth New York Regiment, Father Francis P. Duffy, of New York. This was my first and only meeting with Father Duffy. Before they departed I again brought up with Colonel Stanton the question of my using the story which he had given me, informing him I had already written it, but he again refused to accord me the desired privilege for the same reason which he had given when I had first made the request for his permission.

The occasion of the delivery of Colonel Stanton's oration was the Fourth of July celebration in Paris in 1917 marking the arrival of the first American military contingent. A battalion of the Sixteenth Infantry was brought from St. Nazaire and marched through the streets of Paris to the cemetery where Lafayette rests. As the first American soldiers seen in Paris, they were enthusiastically acclaimed all along the route. Wreaths of flowers, as General Pershing relates, were placed around their necks and on their bayonets, and many women forced themselves into the ranks and marched with the soldiers. Brand Whitlock, the American ambassador to Belgium, was to be the orator of the day at the cemetery and General Pershing had been asked to deliver an address, but had designated Colonel Stanton of his staff to speak for him. Later, General Pershing, inspired by the enthusiasm which Colonel Stanton's address had aroused, was induced to speak extemporaneously. In the seventh article of his memoirs, General Pershing says:

It was on this occasion that utterance was given to an expression that could be born only of inspiration, one that will live long in history: "Lafayette, we are here!" Many have attributed this striking utterance to me, and I have often wished it could have been mine. But I have no recollection of saying anything so splendid. I am sure those words were spoken by Colonel Stanton, and to him must go the credit for so happy and felicitous a phrase.

Here is the story of the great occasion on which Colonel Stanton uttered the historic phrase, as he related it to me in Paris in 1918, and as I wrote it at that time:

To look at Colonel Charles E. Stanton with his rosy cheeks and bright eyes, to be entertained by his brilliant conversation and cheered by his hearty laugh, one would never imagine that the colonel is the chief victim of the American Expedition. But in fact he is, for while many thousands of Americans have lost their lives in the cruel war just closed, Colonel Stanton is the one man who has been deprived of immortality.

There has been just one phrase coined by an American soldier in this war of such eloquence as to make it historic. That phrase was: "Lafayette, we are here!" The author of that phrase was Colonel Stanton, it having been the peroration of the address which he delivered at the Fourth of July celebration in front of Lafayette's tomb to commemorate the arrival of the first American military contingent, a battalion of which was present.

Even President Wilson in his address to the French Chamber of Deputies transferred the credit for that eloquent and historic utterance, worthy of the best American traditions, to General Pershing. The President in his address to the Deputies said: "When General Pershing stood at the tomb of Lafayette and said, 'Lafayette, we are here!' it was as if he had said: 'Lafayette, here is the completion of the great story whose first chapter you assisted to write.'"

Other American dignitaries, military and civil, have attempted to confer upon General Pershing the glory of having uttered that historic phrase so beautifully expressive of American gratitude to France for the aid given America during the Revolution.

(At this point let me break my narrative to say that Marshal Foch, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces, in his address to the American Legion in Kansas City, attributed the historic phrase to General Pershing. Even under this provocation, Colonel Stanton did not break his silence.)

General Pershing's selection of Colonel Stanton to represent him oratorically at the ceremony in front of Lafayette's tomb on July 4, 1917, was due to his remembrance of an address which Colonel Stanton had delivered at Zamboanga, in the Philippines, which greatly impressed him with Colonel Stanton's power as an orator. The effect of Colonel Stanton's utterance at Lafayette's tomb demonstrated that General Pershing's confidence in Colonel Stanton's ability to rise to the occasion was not misplaced. Colonel Stanton not only rose to it, but by his eloquence forever consecrated it in the minds of the French and Americans who were privileged to hear him, and of all who will read of it in the future.

When General Pershing told Colonel Stanton that he wished him to speak for him at the Fourth of July celebration, Colonel Stanton asked the general if he had any suggestions to make as to what he should say. "None at all," the general replied. "If you will do just as well as you did at Zamboanga, I will be satisfied."

Nevertheless, when Colonel Stanton had prepared his address he sent it to General Pershing for approval, and he has the "O. K., J. J. P." just below his great peroration.

When I talked with Colonel Stanton in his office at the Elysée Palace and condoled with him upon the persistent and powerful attempt which was being made to despoil him of his oratorical honors, he laughed unrestrainedly. Then as the gruff old soldier's laugh rippled away, he continued: "It is hard to lose the credit of a phrase which has attracted so much attention, but that is probably the penalty that I have to pay for being honored by General Pershing's command to speak for him."

Then recalling to mind the scene at the cemetery, Colonel Stanton said: "When I reached that final utterance of my address, I deliberately stood at soldierly atten-

tion and, saluting the tomb, said in loud tones, as though I were calling to the dead: 'Lafayette, we are here!' Many in the crowd understood, and those who did immediately repeated the phrase in French for those who had not understood. The enthusiasm at once became immense. It was that enthusiasm that induced General Pershing to say a few words. I have the stenographic copy of what he did say. Of course, the phrase, 'Lafayette, we are here!', does not appear, as General Pershing did not say it.

"When the exercises were over and the crowd started to leave, the dignitaries on the platform went with the crowd. But I remained on the platform, thinking that I could get out from behind and avoid the crush. I had with me a box of smoking tobacco which was one of two boxes which I had brought over and which, I think, were the only two boxes of that brand in Paris. To me they were worth their weight in gold.

"As I took out my box of tobacco and began to roll a cigarette I noticed that fully a hundred or more people did not go with the crowd but remained standing in front of me. I did not immediately connect their waiting with myself. Among them I noticed Elinor Glyn, the authoress. Having finished my cigarette, I descended from the platform. Immediately the crowd rushed me. Men and women began to embrace and to kiss me. I was so completely taken by surprise that I did not know what to do. I stood helplessly receiving the embraces and kisses until I saw an old fellow with a great shock of whiskers coming for me. The sight of those whiskers seemed to bring me to my senses. I threw off those who were clinging to me and fled.

"When I reached a place of safety and had recovered my breath and wits, I again reached for my box of tobacco to roll a cigarette which would soothe my nerves. The box was gone. I had lost it in the mixup. You cannot imagine what that loss meant to me. I was disconsolate for days.

"Just suppose I had been kissed by that fellow with the whiskers! How could I ever again have faced my friends of the Family Club in San Francisco?"

And with that final sally the Colonel gave forth a laugh the heartiness of which was convincing that he is not really greatly worrying over the injustice which has been done him in the giving of the credit for his immortal utterance to the American Commander.

That was the story as I wrote it in 1917. Colonel Stanton has waited patiently a long time for the credit which was due him. I for one am delighted that he has been given it while he is still alive. He is a great gentleman, and the quality of his loyalty as a soldier, I think, has been shown by his self-restraint in this matter to be of the very highest order. I think it would be befitting if he were summoned to Washington to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor and to be publicly acclaimed by the President of the United States for the distinguished service which he rendered to his country on July 4, 1917. For there is no doubt that Colonel Stanton's eloquent address was of the very greatest aid in warming up the French people to the Americans and in securing the coöperation of their army officers in forwarding the plans of the American Expeditionary Force.



## POLO'S LITTLE THEATRE

By HERBERT REED

INDOOR polo bears a much closer resemblance to the outdoor game than does Tom Thumb golf to its big brother of the wide fairways, and yet it is a fast, exciting game that has its own laws of play and its own situations requiring a brand of horsemanship quite as fine as that on display in the great matches of the Long Island polo fields. After some years of desultory play in which the general public took little interest, the winter horse game has blossomed into something of a competitor of hockey in the winter season, a season that runs into the national championships held late in March. Incidentally it is worth recording that the first game of polo played in this country was held in the old Dickel's Riding Academy. At that time the *jeunesse dorée* of the ancient club world came to jeer, having first inquired: "What is this polo—a new drink?" and remained to cheer.

As the game goes today it might well be called incubator polo, since it has already hatched out one American internationalist in the person of Winston Guest, and is in a fair way to hatch out others. For the player it has the advantage of being much cheaper than the outdoor game, requiring for most of the matches a string of only two ponies, and these at a price that runs to less than a quarter of the outlay for an outdoor mount. The reason for this is the small field. The mount has not to produce those sustained bursts of galloping that are required outdoors, and is chosen rather for handiness. As a school for stickwork and for the very best horsemanship it is probably a considerable improvement on its big brother, and for sheer excitement many spectators prefer it.

So far as the spectators are concerned, there are a great many advantages. The scoring is faster and higher in most cases, and there is present the element of billiards, since the field is enclosed at the sides by "kneeboards" off which strokes may be caromed, and at the end by walls, against which the goals are painted. The spectators' seats are practically on top of a great deal of the play, and it is possible to see the faces of the players at all times. Then, too, there are only three players on a side. There is an intimacy about it, therefore, that is foreign to the outdoor game, which is why I have called it a "little theatre." It has its heroes no less renowned than those of the outdoor game, and the cheering is right in their ears. Winston Guest, carrying a nine-goal handicap, the highest rated of them all, it will be remembered was the back on the last international outdoor team, and this winter Earl Hopping the younger, another member of the Big Four, is in action for the Riding Club. But there are also Jerry Smith of the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club, Charlie Gerhardt of the West Point Equitation Instructors' team, Lieutenant MacDonald Jones, of the Optimists, Winston Guest's championship trio, Captains Matthews and Vietor of Squadron A, Cyril Harrison of the New York Athletic Club, and others.

There are championships in Classes A, B, C and D, the national championships, the intercollegiate championships, and a championship for schoolboy teams. The championships, after sectional trials all over the country, are always held in the Squadron A Armory at Park Avenue and 94th Street, but other big games are held in the 105th Field Artillery Armory in the Bronx, Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club, Essex Troop Armory in Orange, and Squadron C Armory in Brooklyn.

The game, incidentally, is national in scope, some of the most important indoor polo centers being in Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Springfield, Chicago and Cleveland. Yale, Har-

vard, Princeton, Pennsylvania Military Academy, one of the finest cavalry schools in the land, and the West Point officers and cadets, play the game in their home riding halls, too.

There was an international match some years ago, won by the United States from a British team made up of four Irishmen, all of whom have since remained in this country as polo managers at prominent clubs, and there will be another international match this year, probably late in February, an American trio meeting a challenging team from the Argentine, probably made up of such old favorites as Lacey, Reynal, Jack Nelson, Kenny and the mighty Manuel Andrada, the Basque-Indian from Buenos Aires. The indoor game has been under way in the Argentine for some time. It is also played in London, England, and in Montreal, Canada.

Curiously enough, too, so popular has the game become that it has finally begun to pay its way, to such an extent that visiting teams have been brought from the West, mounts and all, at the expense of the association.

To the men of Squadron A belongs the credit for keeping this splendid game alive in the dark days when the general public knew little and cared less about it. Nowadays, every Saturday night Squadron A Armory is well filled with shouting spectators, made up of the same curious cross-section of American life that turns up at Meadowbrook—the Social Register materialized, with old-time professional horsemen, aged hack drivers of the golden nineties, heavy-wagering grooms, breeders and trainers in profusion. There is always in evidence that democratic community of interest always so noticeable among those who love the horse. If you're a bit fed up with professional hockey, go to the Squadron A Armory some Saturday night and get a brand new thrill.

## COMMUNICATIONS

### SOUP AND BREAD LINES

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In the January 28 issue of THE COMMONWEAL Father John O'Grady makes some statements that may easily be so generalized that they reflect upon some charitable works that are not only innocent but most praiseworthy and entitled to public support.

At present, the Franciscans of different families and places have received considerable publicity because their feeding of the hungry became so evident at certain monasteries as to attract the attention of news-hungry reporters. To attribute this to a desire for publicity is certainly not the intention of Father O'Grady. For more than 700 years these Friars have daily distributed food at all their houses, long before newspapers or other mechanical means of publicity existed. They do not need it. The "hundredfold" promised to them by the Master never failed to come. Nor do the Franciscan tertiaries who volunteer their aid in this work need it except in as far as it may bring the means to permit them to do good. For 700 years these tertiaries (like many other orders long before and after them) were very active in the practice of works of mercy. Among other things, they conducted Houses of Mercy for the poor and unfortunate and homes for orphans, the aged and invalids; they founded hospitals, and offered their services in times of pestilence, burying the dead without remuneration; they operated dispensaries and supply-houses where medicines and food were distributed free or for a nominal sum; they established free schools for poor children and operated banks to protect the middle classes against usurers; they supported individuals and families who met with reverses. Among their

activities in a flourishing condition today are: welfare organizations of Visiting Nurses, Railroad Depot Aid, Home Caring Societies, whose members nurse the sick poor gratis in their homes, care for the household during the illness of the mother, etc., and Welfare Societies for the Poor. Their Seraphic Homes for delinquent boys and girls are world famous. These tertiaries can do all this because, besides having the wisdom of the Church, they have—and this is of the greatest importance—the “spirit of Saint Francis which is the spirit of Christ” (Pius XI).

Furthermore, Ozanam, the founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and his first companions and most of the prominent Vincentians of today were and are Franciscan tertiaries. It is also remarkable that among the saints and blessed recently placed on the altar there are four socially minded charity workers, sons and tertiaries of Saint Francis. It is equally remarkable that among the saints canonized within the last century those who were not members of religious orders were all, as far as I know, members of the Third Order of Saint Francis. Indeed the greatest charity is “giving one’s life for his friend.” I know that one monastery frequently mentioned in connection with bread lines has now several men working in China suffering from indescribable hardships; another gave to the missions a young priest who died of the pest and privation not long after he had been ordained and sent out from New York by the cardinal. And looking further afield we behold the Brethren and Sisters of those who distribute bread to the hungry at home administering to the lepers, producing Father Damians in large numbers. Such charity does not look for publicity. It is acceptable to God because it is founded in His love, guided by the Holy Ghost, applies the wisdom of the saints and enjoys the blessing and protection of holy Mother Church.

That feeding the hungry and clothing the naked—worthy or unworthy—are not the remedy for social problems, no one will deny. But they are not intended to be such. They are intended to relieve actual need immediately. But “What shall it profit, my brethren, . . . if a brother or sister be naked and want daily food; and one of you say to them: Go in peace, be ye warmed and filled; yet give them not those things that are necessary for the body, what shall it profit?” (James, ii, 14-16). Surely more is needed. Organized charity is but a drop in the ocean of charity practised by the faithful. It must be supported financially and otherwise; conditions make this a serious obligation. On the other hand, there need be no fear that, if the public supports the soup and bread lines cared for by old, well-established and divinely approved agencies like the religious orders, the newer agencies will be curtailed in their splendid work. But Father O’Grady did well in warning emotional souls against individuals or professional agencies whose charity is but a pretext to obtain less worthy things.

REV. KILIAN J. HENNRICH, O.M. Cap.

### EINSTEIN AND FREUD

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Dr. Walsh’s reply on “Einstein and Freud” in THE COMMONWEAL of January 21, explains the situation fully. He says, “Only three people understand Einstein, and they are not so sure, and I am not one of them.” Einstein, of course, is one of the three and I know who the other two are: de Sitter of Leiden, whose cosmological theories are better than Einstein’s in some respects, and Father Le Maitre of Louvain, who has shown mathematically that Einstein’s universe is unstable. This leaves Professor Poor out in the cold. So we have the spectacle of one man who does not understand the

theory of relativity hustling it off to the junk pile on the basis of an article by another man in the same fix.

I have no objection to anybody attacking the theory of relativity on intellectual grounds. But I do object to attacks (1) by the dismally inadequate method of appeal to one scientist against a hundred (2) in unscholarly language that apparently owes its inspiration to paragraph 499 of Roget’s “Thesaurus.” Dr. Walsh’s article contains twenty-five sentences classified as follows: seven sentences repeating in seven different ways that Einstein is a fool and his followers dupes; two commenting on the mental processes of said dupes; a seven-sentence biography of Professor Poor (including such irrelevant material as that scholar’s ability to survive financially under our curious capitalistic organization); five sentences commending Professor Poor’s article as a straight-from-the-shoulder treatment; and four sentences recapitulating Professor Poor’s conclusions on the agreement of Einstein’s theories with observations (not his evidence and inferences)—not a single word describing the content of this so-to-be-scorned theory of relativity.

Dr. Walsh evidently wrote his article while still rocking with laughter from Professor Poor’s impish suggestion that “Einstein and his followers have been dwelling in the ‘pleasing land of drowsyhed—in the land

‘Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eyes.’”

VICTOR S. VON SZELISKI

P. S. COMMONWEAL readers who are interested in informed discussions of cosmological problems will find interesting reading in an article, “Empty (?) Space,” by E. von Rycken Wilso, in *New Scholasticism* for January, 1930. Also here and there in the *Revue Néo-Scholastique*.

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: Dr. Walsh’s defense of his article on “Einstein and Freud” fell rather flat. Mr. von Szeliski, you will remember, had criticized Dr. Walsh for airily dismissing Einstein’s theories as rubbish on the slender basis of a single popular article in a popular magazine. That was certainly a ridiculous procedure and Mr. von Szeliski was certainly justified in his strictures.

In his self-defense Dr. Walsh does simply nothing to clear himself of Mr. von Szeliski’s charge. Dr. Walsh’s letter contains a certain amount of abuse of his opponent, the interesting statement that “The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries” is “something of a classic,” and the assertion that an anonymous student from Berlin said that “Einstein attracts very little attention there.” Thus does student gossip serve Dr. Walsh’s purposes!

But all this, after all, is of small importance. The course of future research may possibly show that, contrary to present indications, Dr. Walsh is right and Dr. Einstein is wrong. I shall therefore magnanimously concede to Dr. Walsh his right to doubt the theory of relativity, the existence of the unconscious, the circulation of the blood, Gauchy’s integral theorem, or any other scientific fact or scientific theory.

But I shall never for an instant concede a proposition that is implicit in all Dr. Walsh’s treatment of this affair although it has never been flatly stated by him—the proposition, namely, that it is good polemics to answer a scientific man’s attacks on our faith or our code of morals by a counterattack on his purely scientific contributions.

Such a course is foolish in an extreme degree. It is as though Mr. Smith had said to Mr. Hoover during that memorable campaign: “I do not choose to discuss politics with you; but you are certainly a very poor engineer. Any high-school student



knows more about mining than you do." It smacks of the attitude of the player who says to his victorious opponent: "Here is the \$3.65 which you won; but I beg to remark that your wife is cross-eyed and your Aunt Jemima has halitosis."

Now such an attitude on the part of a Catholic defending his faith is sheer folly. Our faith is strong enough to stand on its own merits. It need not fear the attacks of a hundred Einsteins. If, therefore, Einstein sees fit to attack our faith, let us answer him on the basis of theology and not on the basis of mathematical physics. In the former territory we can be sure of victory. In the latter territory I am afraid Dr. Walsh cuts a rather sorry figure.

Now and then we wonder why we hear continually repeated the stupid charge that the Church is opposed to science. We marvel that this should be constantly mouthed around in spite of the outstanding work of many Catholic scientists. Why do intelligent people have such a queer impression of us? Well, perhaps it is because they read *THE COMMONWEAL*.

REV. PAUL HANLY FURFEY.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I am glad to have your announcement that we are to have two articles on Einstein and relativity from Dr. Herzfeld of Johns Hopkins. The correspondence has degenerated into personalities and I think it is clear that it was not I who began them. Neither of your correspondents seems to know that in the January number of *Scribner's*, Professor Aitken, director of Lick Observatory, took exception to Professor Poor's article, dwelling particularly upon the New York professor's statement as to the procedure of Lick Observatory astronomers in making and reducing their observations which were supposed to support the theory of relativity. Professor Aitken actually goes so far as to suggest bad faith on the part of Professor Poor, or at least disingenuousness. It is surprising how when you touch this idol of these men the reaction is so great. If any of our readers rejoices over a good crushing reply, turn to the later pages of the January *Scribner's* and see how little is left of Professor Aitken after Professor Poor gets through with him.

I think that anyone will find that he makes it perfectly clear that Professor Trumper of Lick Observatory, in making and reducing the observations at the total eclipse of the sun in Wallala, Australia, in 1922, incorporated into his calculations the Einstein law which he set out to prove. As Professor Poor says: "In the original papers, Trumper thus specifically states that he 'assumed' the very law the costly expedition was formed to test."

Professor Poor some time ago made a complete analysis of the original Lick Observatory reports with his searching criticism of them, and this was forwarded before publication to Director Aitken and reprints of the article were sent to him and to other astronomers of the Lick Observatory after it appeared. Professor Poor is not a popular magazine writer, but as Mr. von Szeliski admits, and apparently not grudgingly, is a distinguished authority in this very field in which these problems lie.

I am perfectly willing to take my humble position beside Professor Poor until there is some proof of the theory of relativity. So far we have none, yet all the world is hailing the author of the theory as the profoundest of thinkers. We physicians see a lot of that sort of nonsense. I heard Professor Koch make the announcement with regard to his tuberculin. It was to be a cure for consumption. Koch had discovered the tubercle bacillus and should have been trustworthy. His tuberculin did harm and not good.

I am quite sure that Dr. Herzfeld's articles will interest *COMMONWEAL* readers, for I have already read them, and feel that proper emphasis will be placed on the fact that what we have to deal with is theory and not definite science until proofs are forthcoming.

Dr. Furfey has already confessed that he does not know anything about Einstein nor anything about Freud. No one answered his first letter, so now we have a second. This letter would be amusing if it were not so amazing for its lack of the amenities. He does not even seem to have read Mr. von Szeliski's letter and blames me for bringing the thirteenth century into the correspondence. There is an attribution of motives quite unwarranted not only by anything that I said, but by anything that was even distantly in my mind.

JAMES J. WALSH.

Milwaukee, Wis.

TO the Editors: I welcome this opportunity to congratulate Dr. Walsh on his recent article, the title of which I need not mention, and also on his fine letter in answer to those who did not, apparently, understand his motives. I feel sure that they were not cheap motives. I feel certain that Dr. Walsh speaks in the name of true sanity and common sense.

I wish to thank *THE COMMONWEAL* for giving its loyal readers articles which are based on sane faith and common sense. There is much thinking being done, but not all of it is correct. A reliable educator has said that only 5 percent of the people really think, 10 percent think that they think, and the remaining 85 percent would rather die than think; and I sometimes think that that may be the reason why the public is generally gullible enough to accept anything without having definite proof of true value.

I believe that mention was made in one of the letters which criticized Dr. Walsh's worthy article, about "faith and morals." Well, if the teachings, or at least some of the loose views, of such persons as those mentioned in said article, do not affect the faith and morals of some who do not, as yet, happen to be anchored safely in the harbor of absolute truth—then nothing at all could affect them. However, there is room for doubt. Intellectual pride is a dangerous thing.

Regarding the first person, I would say that he should first of all learn the value of sane faith and common sense; for the second, I would prescribe a meditation on the sweetness and sacredness of love as God meant it.

REV. ALBERT WILLIAMS.

London, England.

TO the Editor: I see that your correspondent, Victor S. von Szeliski, in your issue of January 7, ascribes to me (by implication) the authorship of the famous epigram, "What's true is not new and what's new is not true." Alas! It is not mine—I wish it were! The furthest back I can trace it is to a speech made by an Anglican prelate in the church house, Westminster, many years ago, replying to some modernist in his communion. He put it in this amusing form: "There was much that is new and much that is true in Mr. So-and-So's remarks; but what was new was not true—and what was true was not new."

Of course as a general statement the phrase would have no meaning. Obviously a vast number of truths must be new to the audience that first hears them and even to their discoverer. But as a comment on a particular type of contemporary affirmations—especially upon theology—it is both witty and exact.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

## THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

*Green Grow the Lilacs*

AT LAST there is good cause for some excitement in the current theatrical season. Not since the tender, if somewhat exaggerated, quaintness of "The Green Pastures" rose upon the Broadway horizon has anything appeared with the ruddy simplicity, the native salt and the honest illusion of American soil to be found in Lynn Riggs's play, "Green Grow the Lilacs." The splattering of blasphemies, on the usual grounds of "realism," is inexcusable—all the more so because the dialogue has a sharp tang of its own, which carries all the necessary illusion of hard-fistedness. The simple fact that authors will use blasphemy "for realism" when they sensitively refrain from many other blunt Saxon words quite as commonly used indicates the fundamental insincerity of the current verbal epidemic. With this reservation out of the way, there is no question that in all its broad outlines, Mr. Riggs's play is the only logical candidate, up to now, for this season's Pulitzer Prize. It is a sturdy product of the fast-vanishing American scene.

Because of the instant movie associations, one almost hesitates to say that the scene is laid in Indian Territory (now part of Oklahoma) in the first year of this century. It is no movie scenario that Mr. Riggs has written, but a very living and richly colored picture of frontier farm life, in which horny-handed cowboys are beginning to think of hitching horses to a plow and cutting deep furrows in the soil, in which the United States and its federal government still represent almost a "foreign" country, and into which neither automobiles nor radio nor modern salesmanship have yet penetrated. It is a play which would be vastly stupid if it did not live, and live mightily, in warm-blooded characters and rough-spoken simplicity. It is the kind of play to which you would like to take a foreign visitor, in order to be able to say, after its last curtain, "There is the foundation stuff of a new race—something the rest of the world may never understand, because it has never happened before, and can hardly happen again until a new planet is discovered."

If you come to think of it, only rare plays can stir that feeling in you—plays whose overtones vibrate far and wide and in many channels which have little to do with the plays themselves. To call Mr. Riggs's work a "folk play" is to narrow its meaning unwarrantably. In a simple and homely way, it touches many universals—the poetry of warm nights under the moon, of fragrant hay fields under the sun, of sentinel trees cloaking young laughter in the evening, of gaily rough courtship and marriage, of lurking evil spots, like a dark Pan of the prairies, of women whose tenacity outruns that of men, of men with the cruelty of boys and sympathies as broad as the ranges. There are very few gray patches in a play of this sort. You are either in dancing sunlight or in deep cool shadows or in utter darkness. The misty days and the lighted nights of the city simply do not exist—either as physical facts or as moral confusion. In the swift rhythm of hard work and hard play, the only tender thing is love, and even that is tender without, however, becoming sentimental.

The story of the play is as simple as the qualities it mirrors. Curly McClain, a cowboy of parts, is courting Laurey Williams, an orphan being brought up by her tough-fibered and generous-hearted aunt, Eller Murphy. Jeeter Fry, the Murphy

hired man who runs the farm, has unpleasant thoughts of his own about Laurey. Curly's courting comes to a triumphant climax at a rough-and-tumble party at old man Peck's house, but the night of his wedding is rendered as a different kind of climax by the brutal serenading or "shivoree" arranged by his cowboy friends. It is further complicated by the enraged attempt of Jeeter to kill him. Jeeter accidentally falls on his own knife and is killed, but as a result of the darkness and confusion, Curly must stand trial for manslaughter. Curly, however, objects strenuously to remaining in jail with a young wife waiting for him and manages to escape—thus adding an actual crime to a mere formal indictment. How Aunt Eller manages the posse which comes to hunt for Curly, how she upbraids them for siding with the United States Marshal—"a foreigner"—against one of their own, and obtains a momentary respite for the hard-driven Curly, forms the substance of the last act. The story which, after all, is a mere succession of episodes, does little more than give the excuse for the real substance of the play, which is a re-creation of an utterly vanished phase of American life. Long after you have forgotten the story, you will remember the epic Aunt Eller, the laughing, careless and poetic Curly, the very feminine and very perverse Laura, with her erratic day-dreams and her intense loyalty, the sordid Jeeter and the rough impact of the men of the ranges, with their brutality and their songs and their chivalry all thrown together in one pot.

I do not know how the play would fare in other hands than those of the Theatre Guild. I suspect that many of the passages would seem prolix and dull—not because other actors are less skilful than those the Guild collects, nor because the play is less authentic than the Guild makes it appear, but chiefly because the Guild learned long ago how to take a bare manuscript and draw from it every last ounce of life and movement and rhythm. That sort of thing comes with long-continued group effort, with the chance to experiment at leisure with new material, with the accumulation of a sort of corporate experience, amounting in time to a powerful tradition. The Guild occasionally fails in its judgment of plays, but very rarely indeed in producing from any given script everything with which the author has intentionally or even unconsciously endowed it. It contributes, moreover, the one exterior thing of most value to an unusual play, and that is a trained audience. Jed Harris might have produced "Green Grow the Lilacs" with as much spirit and understanding as the Guild. He could hardly have provided, except by chance, an audience that would be so quick to respond to the play's unusual qualities.

The direction is in the hands of Herbert J. Biberman, one of the most promising graduates of the Guild laboratory. He has done an excellent job in every way, with an unfailing sense of rhythm, a keen view to proportion between the various climaxes, and an excellent understanding of the simplicity without which the play would be mannered and awkward. He has been ably abetted in his work by the ingenious and exceedingly effective stage settings of Raymond Sovey.

The cast, headed by Helen Westley, June Walker, Franchot Tone and Richard Hale is also one of those made-to-order affairs. Miss Westley, of course, takes the part of Aunt Eller, and turns its bluff humor, its iron dominance and its acid penetration into one of the finest characterizations to be found on any stage this season. Some people labor under the false im-



pression that Miss Westley is chiefly a "type" actress. They might suspect that I used the words "of course" as indicating that this is another Westley type part. But they are mistaken. I used them because, having once seen Miss Westley's Aunt Eller, I cannot conceive of any other artist playing the part. Franchot Tone is also a particularly happy choice for the ingratiating Curly—frank, open, irrepressible, with a turn of the natural poet. June Walker's Laurey, aside from some lapses into an unfortunate falsetto tone which occasionally makes her seem a bit insincere, is another striking bit of work, charming in its forthright honesty and dreamy yearnings. Richard Hale has a rather thankless job in the nearly degenerate Jeeter, but attacks it with his usual uncompromising earnestness and true artistry, effecting as complete a transformation of natural characteristics as it is possible for an actor to do.

A further word should be added concerning the group of boys and girls who sing authentic songs of the plains between the scenes, providing a haunting undercurrent for the action of the play. The experiment of having these songs runs dangerously near the musical comedy line, but the manner of their singing, except for one song, keeps admirably to the spirit of the play itself. (At the Guild Theatre.)

#### *As You Desire Me*

LUIGI PIRANDELLO has one pet theme upon which he rings many changes—the latest being "As You Desire Me," with a cast in which Judith Anderson is featured. The Pirandello theme is best summed up in the title of one of his fairly recent plays, "Right You Are if You Think You Are." According to this Italian subjectivist, what each man believes and holds as his illusion is much more important than objective truth. In the present instance, it is very important for Bruno Pieri to believe that a woman brought to him by an artist friend is actually the wife he lost during an enemy invasion in the days of the great war, ten years earlier.

Purposely, Pirandello throws the audience itself into doubt, even bringing on an insane woman, under the care of a Vienna psychiatrist, as claimant for the position of the real Lucia. The artist, who once had painted Lucia's picture, is sure that the woman he found as a degraded cabaret singer in Berlin, is the real Lucia. She never betrays by word or glance whether she is or is not. For a time, she seems to know intimate details of Lucia's former life, but no sooner are we prepared to accept this as evidence than she herself, in a mood of despair at the inability of Bruno to believe in her utterly, discloses that she found Lucia's original diary in an old desk and drew (or might have drawn) her knowledge from that.

Assuming that the woman of Berlin is not the real Lucia, but one who grasps at the chance offered by mistaken identity to break away from her sordid existence, it becomes a matter of only Pirandello interest whether or not she can so completely re-create the soul of Lucia as to satisfy Pieri. It is always fascinating to some people to play with the thought that all reality is within, and that the objective world has only such value as we choose to give it. But the thought is hardly a humanizing one, or one conducive to meeting the emotional realities of life. In the present instance, however, and in spite of the best bit of acting Judith Anderson has ever done, in clarity, poise and intensity, I am inclined to take momentary advantage of the Pirandello doctrine in refusing to be greatly disturbed by the problem he presents. It is, after all, only what he himself believes, and for that reason should affect no one outside of his own brain characters! (At Maxine Elliott's Theatre.)

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## NEXT WEEK

THE CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD, by Georgiana P. McEntee, author of "The Social Catholic Movement in Great Britain" is a highly informative article on the effective expression of Catholic social principles in daily life. Never before, perhaps, has the tried and benevolent social spirit of the Church had a greater opportunity to bring some ease in the adjustment of our tangled human institutions. Intelligent social service, Miss McEntee points out, is better than indiscriminate almsgiving and cites a successful example. . . . RAVENNA INTERLUDE, by George N. Shuster, is a wholly satisfying and delightful combination of archeology, travel narrative, and speculation in the presence of the departed great on what shall be the high art and spirit of our times. This is recommended for your information, inspiration, and just plain, but dignified and lasting, pleasure. . . . BALFOUR AND CHURCHILL, by J. C. W., is an interesting insight into British politics and personalities. . . . "Medieval thought is likened to a narrow stream flowing between the steep banks of religious dogma," writes John K. Ryan in A NOTE ON AN ERROR, and continues, "Nothing could be farther from the truth. Not even in the strife of modern schools and systems do we find such variety, such tenacity of opinion, such fierce opposition." And the writer gives a general guide to a period of thought that far from deserving the tag of The Dark Ages, is more and more becoming appreciated for its light and wisdom. . . . The Resurrection; the paradox that only the dead still live, and the vision that the Catholic view is bigger than human points of view, are the three determining points in THE RESURRECTION OF ROME, as pointed out by Fulton J. Sheen, in a brilliant and scholarly analysis of a new book and eternal truths.

## BOOKS

### The Catholic Queen

*Isabella of Spain: The Last Crusader*, by William Thomas Walsh. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. \$5.00.

THE PUBLISHERS may be congratulated on having found so capable an interpreter of the fascinating personality of the great queen of whom Americans of the United States know little more than that it was through her favor Columbus embarked on his journey. All of the biographies in English have been superseded by this study. In searching the contemporary chroniclers for the picture of his Isabella, Mr. Walsh has wisely decided to set her against her own background of events and ideas, and with felicitous touches of description and interpretation, paints a portrait that will stand as authoritative for some time.

As an individual, the author reveals Isabella as a woman of character, disciplined by a life of prayer and humble acceptance of the bitter disappointments which ardent and zealous temperaments must suffer in abundance in this life. So controlled was she that Peter Martyr marveled that her nature must be harder than the diamond. It was like the diamond in that all its fire was restrained within the cut and polished facets, but not hidden. As a queen, Mr. Walsh shows her as the living embodiment of that noble Spanish tradition of kingship deriving from the "Civitas Dei" of Augustine, wherein the ruler with his eyes fixed on God, proceeds to direct, exhort, train and cherish his people to ways of peace and justice. As a child she had seen this tradition weakened by the graceless Juan II, and dishonored by the corrupt Enrique IV, which strengthened in her the determination to restore to it all the dignity, force and energy which of right should inform such a conception of kingship.

The romantic and thrilling story of her success, Mr. Walsh has unfolded in an absorbing and swiftly flowing narrative. He not only throws into high relief the dramatic achievements of her reign, the establishment of her authority in a chaotic and turbulent society, the long Moorish war, the expulsion of the Jews, the discoveries in America, but he integrates them philosophically by viewing her reign as the "death struggle of two philosophies, two different conceptions of the destiny of man." It was because Isabella and Fernando, to whom by the way, Mr. Walsh is more just than is usual, were penetrated with the significance of this struggle for Christian civilization and were convinced that the "unifying and harmonizing tendencies of Catholic Christianity" alone could preserve it both in Europe and America, that they established the Inquisition and removed the alien Jews from their society. This point Mr. Walsh makes exceedingly clear. Jews were expelled not because they were Jews, but because they refused to be Jews and wished to live as secret Jews, undermining the very foundations of Spanish society by pretending also to be Catholics.

If the available records of the Inquisition (for many of them were mutilated or lost during the time of the French invasion and as a result of Llorente's actions) are examined, this point will emerge very definitely. Such an anomalous condition could not be tolerated by so intelligent and practical a people as the Spanish. The impossibility of ordering a society under a double moral code was clearer to them than to us, though we may more easily grasp it when the issue is presented in the economic order. The attitude on usury divided the two peoples, and it is possible that the bitter anger with which the post-sixteenth-century man views the Inquisition is due to the fact that, having



gone over completely to the non-Catholic viewpoint on usury, he cannot rest easy while the Inquisition reminds him of his moral fall. Though there are moderns, such as Mr. Keynes, to remind our generation "that one cannot have one's cake and eat it too," which some Jews at least have learned since 1492, the warning leaves an industrial society indifferent and antagonistic to all things Spanish, except where and when the Spaniard has gone over to its side.

While the reviewer recognizes that the study of the personality of Isabella primarily occupied the author, her reign was so important for the future of Spain and the world that it is to be regretted that he did not fix the historical setting more clearly from the political and legal point of view. For example, Isabella was not "of Spain," for there was no Spain. The Catholic sovereigns did not see in the Españas of their day the modern territorial nation-state which Mr. Walsh imagines they created. They aimed to re-create Spanish society and Spanish civilization, falling to pieces under the disastrous quarrels among the various kings and the delayed Moorish war. It was for this that Isabella persistently desired to associate Fernando with her, not to unite the Españas, for both Castile and the crown of Aragon were constitutionally federal entities, and they still remain essentially such despite the long terrific effort to make them into a "nationalistic" union. The Catholic monarchs aimed to establish the habit of coöperation between the two, so that justice and peace could the more easily be promoted among their people.

On this, which was Saint Augustine's direction for the aims of society, rested the whole structure of Spanish civilization. It transcended the boundary lines of the jurisdictions belonging to the authority of any particular sovereign, even into Europe as the policies of Fernando, Charles V and Philip II were to show, and into the Americas as the Instructions to Ovando and the Laws of Burgos prove. The Catholic sovereigns did not undertake a single constructive reform that was not of their tradition.

Unfortunately, in reconstructing the organization of their society they sought the advice of the Roman lawyers (not to mention the Jewish financiers), as their ancestors Alfonso X and the Aragonese Jaime I, Pedro III and Pedro IV had done before them in similar problems. Galíndez de Cárvajal, Palacios Rubios, Montalvo, Jaime Marquilles, Miguel de Molino repeated the ideas of Vidal de Cañellas and others, and the administrative scheme was set to a Roman bureaucratic model which much later was to become the vehicle for absolutism. How this was done may be studied in the proceedings of the Córtez of Madrigal (1476), of Toledo (1480), of Salamanca and Valladolid (1506), of Tarazona (1484), of Barcelona (1488), and the reorganization of the Generalidad of Cataluña in 1490. The Catholic rulers were struggling with the clash of these two legal and social theories—the Roman law theory and the Augustinian-Scholastic conceptions—and so were often forced to a policy sometimes criticized as untruthful in Isabella and decidedly devious in Fernando.

The characterizations of Alexander VI, Talavera and Torquemada are well done. Cardinal de Mendoza is more faintly limned. The relations of Charles V with Cardinal de Cisneros, so summarily dismissed by Mr. Walsh, have been discussed more favorably by the Conde de Cedillo. We miss an evaluation of the American policies of Isabella, which could have filled the pages devoted to Columbus, already sufficiently explored by Vignaud and others.

MARIE R. MADDEN.

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## The Gunman of Mexico

*The Eagle and the Serpent*, by Martin Luis Guzman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Incorporated. \$2.50.

MARTIN LUIS GUZMAN, one of the intellectual leaders of the Mexican revolutionary movement following the fall of Porfirio Diaz, was a civilian observer with the army of Pancho Villa, then an official of the Mexico City Police Department, and finally Minister of Education during the short-lived Constitutional government. He does not deal with the agrarian nor the clerical questions. He confines himself to an interpretation of the political and military forces of the Revolution from 1912 to 1916. With a few graphic strokes he sketches in the various leaders: Carranza, bland and treacherous; de la Huerta, loyal and conciliating; the histrionic Obregon; the naive peasant, Zapata; Fierro the Butcher, said to be the slayer of British Consul Benton; and, in a larger way, Pancho Villa.

There has existed a pretty legend of a Villa, the high-souled protector of the poor, the persecutor of the persecutors, a Chihuahuan Robin Hood. Even the Columbus massacre did little to dissipate it. John Reed with his sophomoric effusions in "Insurgent Mexico" gave further support to the myth. It will be remembered that Reed later idealized the gentle Bolshevik. It has remained for Guzman to demolish this picture-book hero, this two-gun avatar. He has given a dispassionate picture of a ferocious brute and ruffian, and not entirely without sympathy; the sympathy and understanding, he tells us, that an intellectual has for a jaguar who happens to be fighting on his side. Villa, panic-stricken when by chance he discovers himself without his holster and revolver; Villa calmly ordering the execution of 200 prisoners; Villa brandishing his revolver with feral playfulness—all these touches contribute to a vivid portrait. The author is content, for the most part, merely to describe; but occasionally he hazards a diagnosis of the ills of his unhappy fatherland. As an observant civilian during all these events he cannot help but find the greatest menace in Praetorianism, the unlimited power of the generals.

Guzman is one of several Mexican writers who have portrayed this sanguinary period. Azuela in "The Under-Dogs" has written of the rank and file, who are commanded by Guzman's protagonists. Munoz in "El Feroz Cabecilla" has given the adventurous aspects of the civil war. From his exile in Madrid, Guzman has issued "El Sombra del Caudillo" (In the Shadow of the Chief), an interesting novel about the intrigues which infest the Mexican capital and which pull the strings of the biyearly revolutions. If the publishers see fit to have it translated, American readers will find in it all the excellences of "The Eagle and the Serpent."

FRANK C. HANIGHEN.

## A Peaceful Pilgrimage

*Yesterdays of an Artist Monk*, by Dom Willibrord Verkade, O.S.B.; translated by John L. Stoddard. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$2.00.

HERE at last in English is the charmingly human story of the Dutch boy who became the celebrated Benedictine artist of Beuron, Dom Verkade. With leisurely simplicity, even chattiness, he sketches the homely youth passed in the midst of an honest Protestant family, the experiences at boarding-school and at art school, the far more thrilling experiences of Paris, where he knew Gauguin and Verlaine, moved in the circle of the young Independents and visited Notre Dame and the Latin Quarter with equal nonchalance. From this rather distracting



milieu he escaped for a summer of painting in Brittany along with Serusier and the Dane, Morgens Ballin, whose spiritual pilgrimage was to be so curiously linked to his own.

It seems to have been a rehearsal of Bach's great Mass in Amsterdam that gave the youthful artist and experimentalist his first revelation of Catholicity; but his was a naturally Catholic spirit who might have said with Father Tabb, "Whenever any doctrine of the Church was spoken of I knew it was true as soon as I heard it." What he does say is that the "reserve and infinite tenderness with which Almighty God seeks to gain the love of a human being" reminds him of the shy ways of young human lovers, for gently the Hound of Heaven followed him and gently was welcomed. So, when Italy had completed the work of Brittany, and after a happy interlude with the Franciscans of Fiesole, the future Dom Verkade came home to the Benedictine foundation at Beuron, where his life and his art were to find both fulfilment and consecration.

It is not often that the reader wishes a biography longer than its author has elected—but most of us would be really glad to know something about this artist-monk's todays.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

### History Hot from the Oven

*The Great Crusade and After: 1914-1928*, by Preston William Slosson. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$5.00.

IN A TRUE sense there cannot be a "history" of the present, especially of so short a period, but this is no reason for withholding credit from Professor Slosson's account of what went on in America from the outbreak of the World War to President Hoover's election. How much it covers everything may be seen from such chapter headings as "The Saga of the Motor Car," "The Business of Sport" and "Journalism and Advertisement." There are sixteen chapters, and that enumeration does not give an idea of the ground. The chapter on "The Cult of Nationalism," for instance, includes immigration laws, the Ku Klux Klan, the craze for biography, and other topics.

However, to give the idea that Professor Slosson has written merely annals would be unjust and misleading. His aim has been the difficult one of judging the present as one would judge a slice of the past, weighing its manifestations, emphasizing only the important, being fair-minded and yet not stonily neutral. If, for instance, he records impartially the crusade against school histories, he sums it up by saying, "The real charge against the historians was not that they were propagandists but that they refused to be." He writes, too, with style and humor. Discussing the change in drama, for example, he says: "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," and her sisters had to get a job with the movies or else accept the offer of the villian millionaire—the stage had no place for them."

As is inevitable in such a book, it has its imperfections; nobody can write a perfectly balanced history of today, or any day. It is especially noticeable, to take an instance, in the cavalier treatment he gives to the greatly increased part religion has played in the life of post-war America. In what little he does say about it he gives too much space to such passing incidents as the Dayton evolution trial, and he writes almost as if the Protestant religion were the only one, or at least as if whatever growth there was had been in Protestantism. There is just one sentence about "the renewed vitality of the Roman Catholic Church in America," and that sentence is a mention of the Eucharistic Congress of 1926. It is eminently probable that when the time really comes to write a history of this period, the historian will have a good deal to say about the astonishing part the religious revival has played. This slanting view is

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emphasized by the fact that Professor Slosson has no difficulty in discovering "that American architecture was almost revolutionized in every category from the bungalow to the skyscraper." It was; but there were some other departments of life in which things were at least partly revolutionized.

But as was said at the beginning, no "history" of a current moment can achieve perfection, and Professor Slosson has covered his ground, in general, with remarkable skill and judgment.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

### Sonata

*The Musicale*, by Francis Steegmüller. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, Incorporated. \$2.00.

MR. STEEGMÜLLER'S novel moves with the same deft grace that marks a well-written sonata; his themes are clear and beautiful; the movements of his composition go along with a fine technical background, colored here and there with sprightly nuances and amusing chords, until, in the end, he comes to his smooth coda with a powerful effect of finality.

The entire book covers a period of only a few hours. It opens with Daniel Williams practising at the piano for the performance he is to play the same night. The story moves on through the afternoon of preparation to the recital at Lucia's in the evening, where Daniel plays his beloved Bach and Chopin before a diverse group of friends and acquaintances of a small college town. Little of what is commonly called "action" appears in his work; it is rather a series of mental processes—mental processes of a few people which characterize them as surely as if they had been carried through a whole gamut of experiences. Novelists in general are too prone to depend principally upon the actions of their characters and often carry this pattern to such an extent that it seems the principals think only after they have acted. Steegmüller has brought a freshness to his book by avoiding such a pitfall.

It is also pleasing to note that the author of "Musicale" has followed the plan of his earlier books in making his novel considerably briefer than the usual book of fiction. Conciseness is a charm "devoutly to be wished," but seldom found among our novelists. "Musicale" accomplishes its mission with dispatch.

It is apparent that Mr. Steegmüller understands the fine art of characterization; that he knows music and is able to write about it charmingly; that he has originality; and, lastly, that he is one of our younger writers well worth watching.

ERIC DEVINE.

### CONTRIBUTORS

ROBERT SENCOURT, long a European correspondent, is the author of "Purse and Politics" and a "Life of George Meredith."

JOSEPHINE MCGOWAN is a lecturer on education and social service and is actively identified with politics, principally as a campaign speaker.

ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS, an Atlanta poet, contributes verse to current periodicals.

ANNA KELLY, an active Sinn Féiner, was formerly associate editor of *An Phoblacht*, and is now on the staff of the *Dublin Nation*.

KARL F. HERZFELD is one of the directors of the physical laboratory of the Johns Hopkins University.

JUSTIN MCGRATH is director of the National Catholic Welfare Council News Service.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING, a contributor of verse to current magazines, was for some years an editor of the *Measure*.

HERBERT REED, "Right Wing" among American sport writers, is dean of the polo writers.

MARIE R. MADDEN is the author of "Political Theory and Law in Medieval Spain" and has contributed various Spanish biographies to the "Encyclopedia of Social Sciences" and authoritative historical reviews to *Thought* and other periodicals.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN is a new contributor to *THE COMMONWEAL*. KATHERINE BRÉGY is a critic and poet and the author of "The Poet's Chantry" and "Poets and Pilgrims."

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON is a veteran political correspondent for the New York journals. His latest book is "Presidents I've Known and Two Near Presidents."

ERIC DEVINE is a staff writer for *Country Life* and a contributor to other periodicals.